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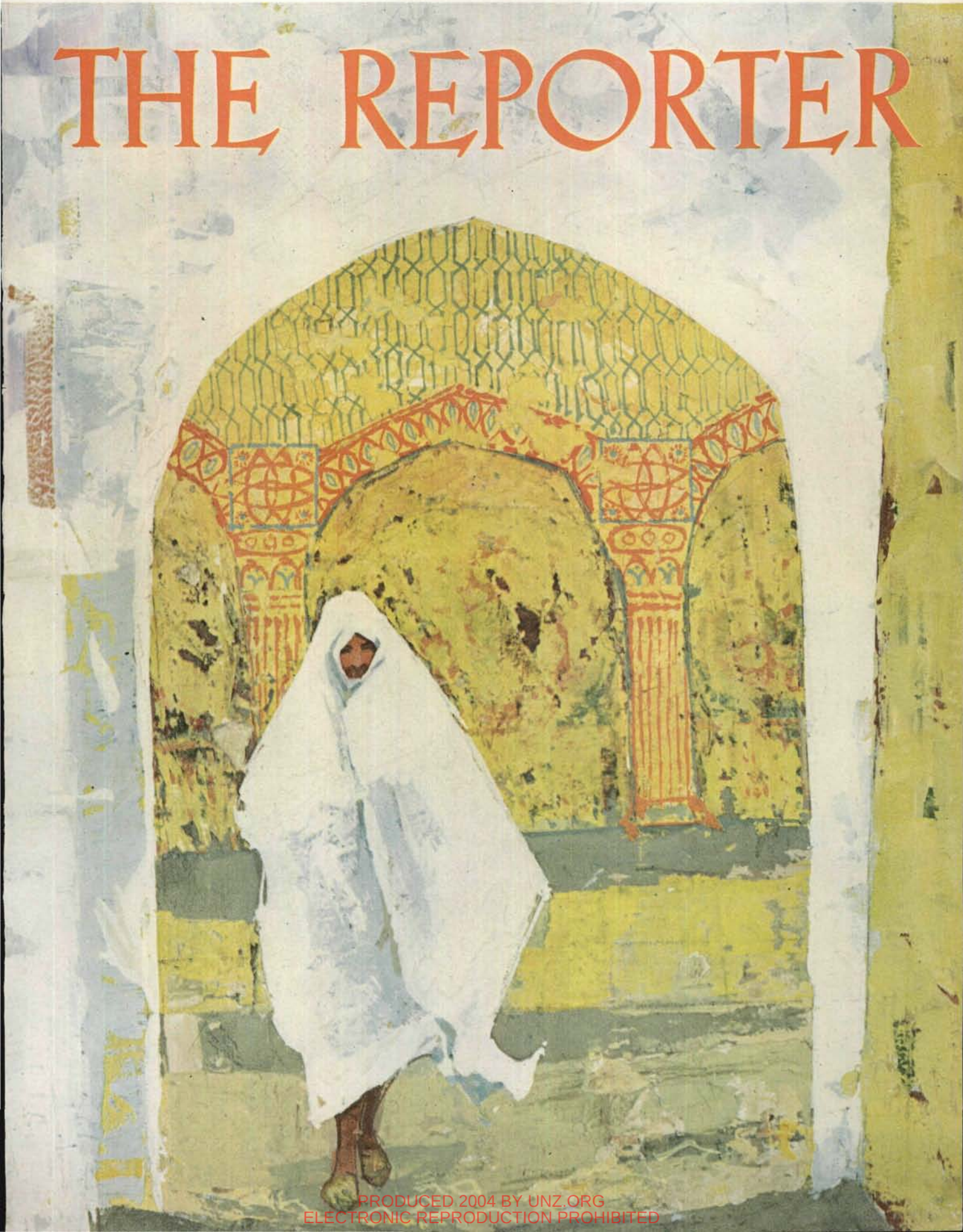

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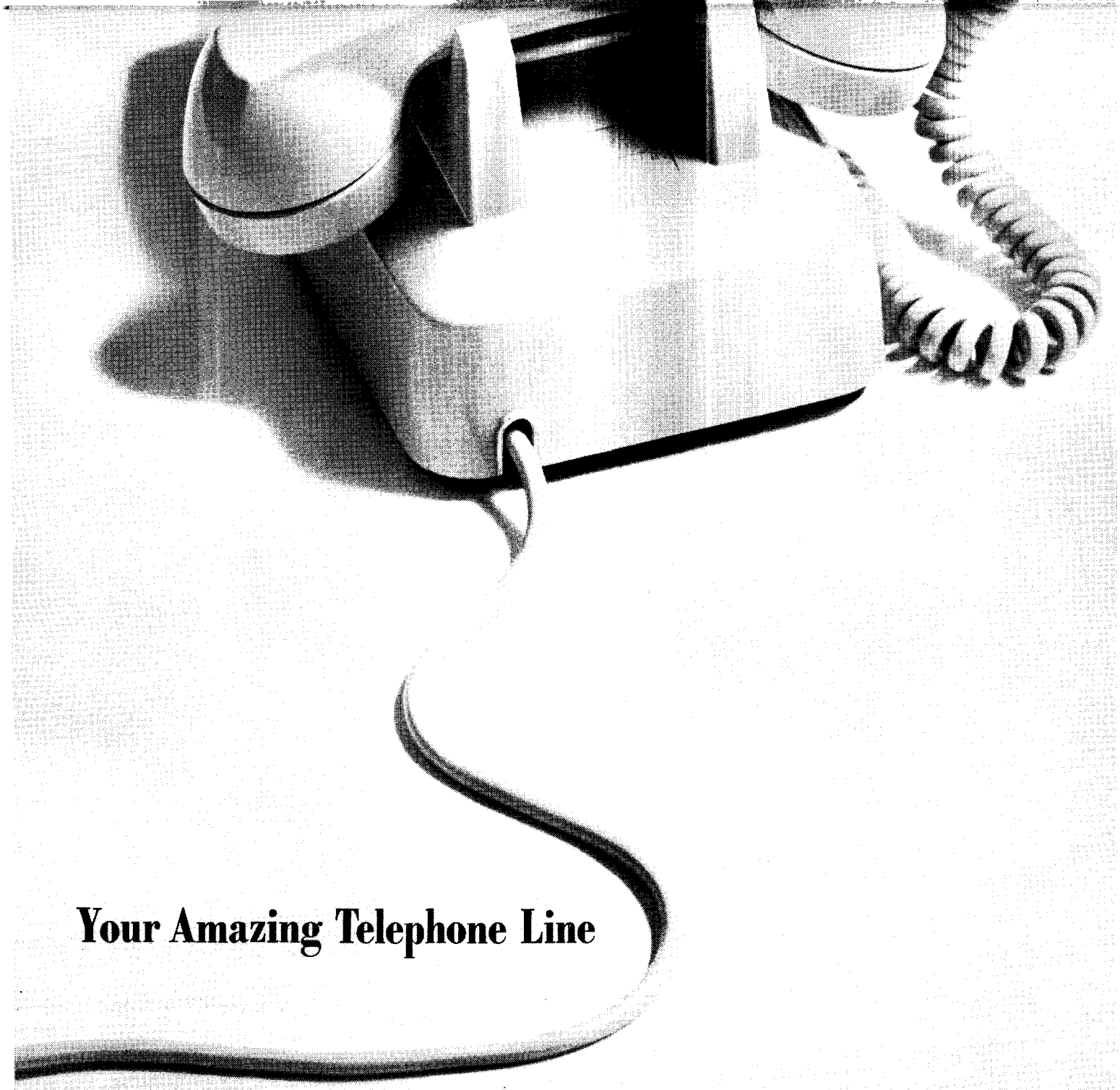

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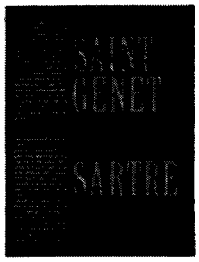

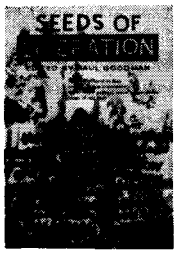

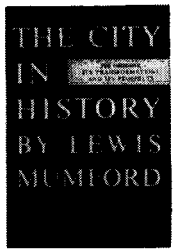

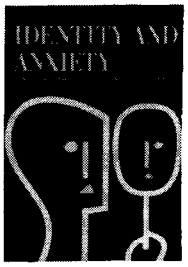

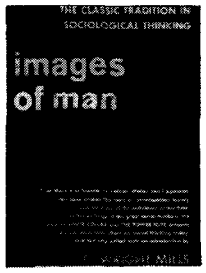

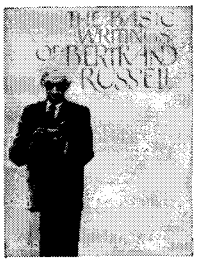

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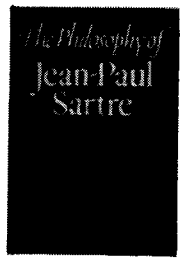

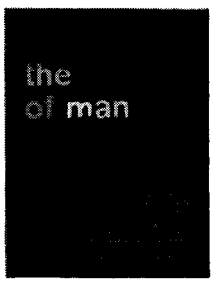

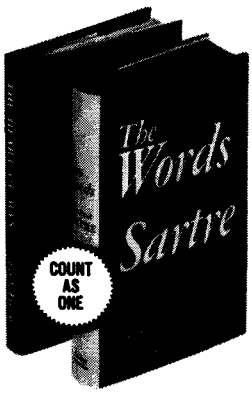

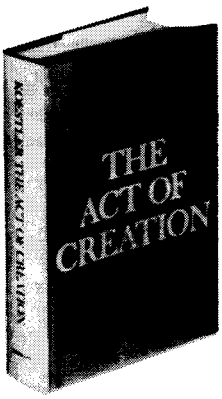

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE ARE PLEASED to publish **André François-Poncet's** imaginary conversation between two Frenchmen, one a bitter critic of American policies in the Dominican Republic, the other a supporter. Unless we are mistaken, the supporter has the edge. It would be consoling if the same could be said about the so-called debate raging here. M. François-Poncet, a member of the French Academy, is a most eminent political thinker and statesman who has served his country in a number of capacities, including that of ambassador to Germany from 1931 to 1938. Few Frenchmen saw more clearly what Hitler was after.

What has happened in Algeria is at the same time pitiful and ironic. The only European nation with which the present Algerian government seems to manage to get along is France; the United States, so prodigal with its sympathy for the Algerian rebels, is the object of bitter hatred, and Ahmed Ben Bella, the totalitarian ruler, is acting like the latest would-be Castro. The pitiful part of the story is the fate of the Algerian people, to whom liberation brought an increase in misery and suppression. **Claire Sterling,** who was one of the first correspondents to report on the seriousness of the rebellion in 1954, has often visited the country since. . . . The settlement of the Franco-Algerian war in the Evian negotiations was backed by reasonable men, anxious to bring the bloodshed to an end. Those on the Algerian side have to all intents and purposes disappeared, overcome by the radicalism of Ben Bella. The subject of negotiations aimed at stabilizing the moderate elements in a new country between enemy forces so far apart is dealt with by **Fred Charles Iklé,** a member of the political science department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and author of *How Nations Negotiate* (Harper & Row). Mr. Iklé mentions Evian, but directs his reflections mostly to the subject of the negotiations now recommended as a panacea for our problems in Vietnam. . . . Negotiations of an entirely different kind will take place in France at the end of the year. The two protagonists are Charles de Gaulle and the French people. On this occasion Le Général seems to be a disciple of Lyndon B. Johnson, for he is trying to get the broadest consensus imaginable, from the Right to marginal elements of the extreme Left. **Edmond Taylor** reports the story from Paris.

WHO TEACHES what to whom at a teach-in? There were, to be sure, plenty of teachers at the Washington session, which was widely hailed by editorial writers as a "Lesson in Democracy" (the New York *Times*), but while the marathon proceedings were open-end in length they did not display the academic virtue of the open mind. **Meg Greenfield** was there and her observations restore some perspective to the event. . . . An approach to the war on poverty that seems calculated to ensure that the poor will not only be always with us but are to be welded into a politically activated pressure group is now being supported in Syracuse by the Office of Economic Opportunity. **Erwin Knoll** and **Jules Witcover,** the Newhouse National News Service's investigative team covering the anti-poverty program, describe the implications of this development. . . . The distinguished jurist **J. Skelly Wright** of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington discusses the revival of interest in criminal law. . . . The May 7 elections in Rhodesia, giving almost total legislative power to a party that favors independence even at the cost of rebellion against Britain, signify that serious trouble is in store for the colony, according to the veteran African correspondent **Russell Warren Howe.**

PERHAPS because he has lived and studied in this country, the Italian journalist and deputy **Luigi Barzini** sees his own in an unusual bifocal perspective. His *The Italians* (Atheneum) has been on the best-seller lists for many months. . . . **John Nagenda,** a native of Uganda, has been published in anthologies both in East Africa and in England. This is his first American appearance. . . . **Charles Edward Eaton** is a frequent contributor and the author of *Countermoves* (Abelard). . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** visits an Egypt of his own. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is executive editor of *Arts Magazine*. . . . **Daniel Aaron** teaches English at Smith College. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is an editor at the *New Leader*.

Our cover is by **Robert Reynolds.**

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Acrostician— LESTER PEARSON

"AFTER *so many years of the rhetoric of Liberal abstractions, of containment and coexistence and convergence and appeasement our verbal armor is rusty. Until the President relates his acts to a fundamentally changed strategic posture and perspective, until he initiates the shift from a passive strategy of containment and retreat to a forward strategy of resistance, advance and victory, the acts can amount to little more than episodic spasms.*"

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CORRESPONDENCE

AN EAST RIVER VIEW

To the Editor: I have read with interest Meg Greenfield's "The Lost Session at the U.N." (*The Reporter*, May 6). It is certainly a very well-analyzed work.

People may have different views—I have my own—but we hope that the Committee of 33, which is working toward solving this difficult problem, will, with realism and a spirit of compromise, be able to find a way out in order to save the organization and make amends for "the lost session."

A. MATSUI
Permanent Representative of Japan to the United Nations

MONEY OVER MIAMI

To the Editor: Lobbies have a legitimate function, but on reading Richard Harwood's description of the wheeling and dealing of "The Miami Super-Lobby" (*The Reporter*, May 6), one can't help thinking of better uses for Presidential—not to mention Congressional—time and effort than submission to the blandishments of Dr. Muskat. As for those Federal millions, let us hope the Harwood article will cause the Community Facilities Administration to hold tight and make wary other government agencies that seem remotely suitable as sponsors for the embellishment and Disneyization of "Dr. Muskat's Mud Flat."

GEORGE T. NICHOLAS
Lakeside, Michigan

To the Editor: Richard Harwood protests too much in amassing so much detail about Miami's Interama project. His method is to snow us under with accounts of contacts between politicians and government officials and the lobbyists (evil word!) for Miami—the implication being that this is all reprehensible.

Unless Mr. Harwood is a greenhorn on Capitol Hill, he must know that lobbying is one of the ways things get done in Congress. (If the lobbyists had been plumping for Medicare, for example, or for foreign aid, I suspect that *The Reporter* would approve.) The lobbyists for Interama, Florida's senators and representatives, and the government officials involved were all just doing their jobs in this matter. Mr. Harwood has succeeded in making a mountain out of a molehill.

DR. DAVID CHADBOURNE
Miami Beach

NO MONOPOLY

To the Editor: Russell Warren Howe's paraphrase of James Baldwin in "James Crow, Esq., Comes to Britain" (*The Reporter*, May 6) should not go unanswered. To say that "if prejudice is worse in Mississippi than in Minnesota, it is partly because Southern whites are almost exclusively of British stock" is an absurdity which the "partly" does not mitigate.

There are few Negroes in Minnesota today; there was no slavery in Minnesota; the Southern whites of Louisiana include more persons of French and Spanish stock than British. The British are no more responsible for "carrying racism to America" than any other national group; nor, as racial conflicts in Northern cities prove, has any national group a monopoly on prejudice. To say so, as Mr. Baldwin does, is to practice another form of racism.

And for Mr. Howe to blandly include such naïveté in his article is to expose his own innocence about the racial situation in the United States.

PHILIP W. TRIPP
Chicago

PROTEST AND RESPONSIBILITY

To the Editor: There is a myth afloat in our land to the effect that any group of people who assemble anywhere with placards for a given purpose must be taken seriously. The latest example of this was the recent demonstration by the Students for a Democratic Society in Washington to protest the administration's policy in Vietnam ("The Perennial Marchers," in "The Reporter's Notes" for May 6).

It is important to all Americans deeply concerned with the complex Vietnam situation to know just how self-serving and fatuous many of these so-called pacifist demonstrations really are. Your article performed a valuable service.

MURIEL BRISBANE
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Many serious people are involved in the debate over American policy in Vietnam. I am surprised to see you mock the recent demonstration against the war in "The Reporter's Notes." You describe an earnest demonstration by sixteen thousand individuals with the patronizing tone of one whose mind is made up.

There is a movement in the American press to discredit opposition to our Vietnam policy. It is tragic that a magazine of your stature has conformed to this trend in such an insidious manner.

DAVID SARD
New York

To the Editor: "The Perennial Marchers" was a disturbing and distorted view of the attempt by concerned people to make the citizens of the United States aware of our aggressive actions in South Vietnam. No attempt was made to fully report this protest, which included students and faculty from all over the country. Instead it was portrayed as a group of students who had little to say and even less organization.

It is surprising that a magazine that has covered both the Vietnam crisis and the civil-rights movement finds it hard to see a connection between civil rights

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in America and the rights of people all over the world. The real tragedy is that the civil-rights movement has at times allowed our government to pursue a foreign policy that is diametrically opposed to its domestic aims. The fact that it was "difficult to tell where the civil-rights cause left off and the peace cause began" simply reveals that this is no longer true.

The press blackout of this protest has been very effective, and your treatment only adds to the national ignorance. If you are really interested in the problem, you will print some of the speeches and ideas that were expressed at this rally and let the readers decide for themselves.

I am not a member of SDS, but in light of the Vietnam and recent Dominican Republic incidents I find it hard to see how any concerned American cannot question the present government policies.

LARRY BALLONOFF
Baltimore

DISCORDANT NOTE

To the Editor: In "Unraveling Ravel: The Great Leap Sideways" (*The Reporter*, May 6), Frederic V. Grunfeld reveals a typically masterful erudition to persuade us that this twentieth-century composer is worthwhile unraveling. To me, Mr. Grunfeld has said everything when he quotes Ravel's own "cry of joy" that he can hear "music" in an iron foundry. Onomatopoeia, when carried this far, should be redefined as "sound echoing nonsense." Falla, Stravinsky, Bartok, *et al.* have even less to recommend them.

For too long, an elite group of musicians, composers, and musicologists has been allowed to tell us what shall be acceptable as "good music." Much of it is not even music.

If contemporary artists are unable to express themselves without completely discarding "outmoded" forms, and if they choose to throw away everything except a name, then at least let them be honest and throw away the name as well. When I listen to a symphony, I expect to hear "a consonance or harmony of sounds, agreeable to the ear." If someone wishes to compose a work of intense brilliance that will challenge the technique of skilled musicians, and, in the process, produces a dissonance or discord of sounds disagreeable to the ear, I deny the right of that composer to label his output a symphony. I do not even care to join the "initiated," who will unblushingly call it art and music. The ensuing torture is not worth the initiation.

It is bad enough that modern art has seen fit to reveal itself as being totally undisciplined. But when learned critics, with a display of vast technological research, accept the results as masterly works of art, they betray the very cultural life that they should be trying to protect.

JAMES HODGKINSON
La Tuque, Quebec

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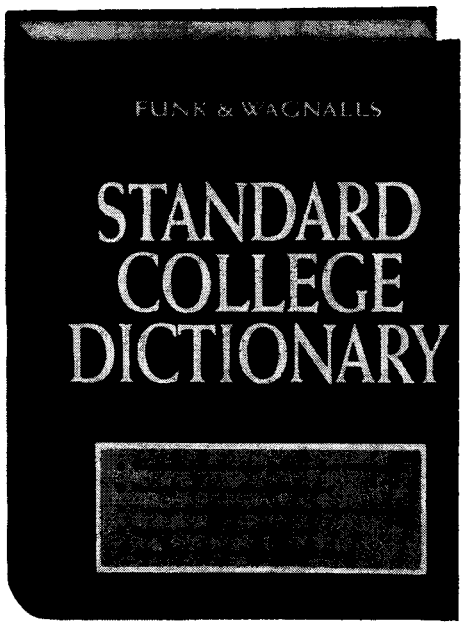

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

CALLING A HALT: A DIALOGUE

ANDRE FRANCOIS-PONCET

Mr. X: *Despite the indulgence that you ordinarily show toward the United States, I imagine that its conduct at Santo Domingo—the landing of the Marines, the cavalier way it intervened in the internal affairs of the Dominican Republic—has caused you a certain embarrassment and that you find it somewhat difficult to justify such actions.*

Mr. Y: True, I wish that we had been furnished fuller explanations. There is no doubt that the American government was at first concerned with the evacuation of its nationals and foreigners, whose security was threatened by the civil war. How was it led from this position to side with the junta and against the rebels who demanded the return of former President Juan Bosch? This remains unclear.

Mr. X: *In choosing the principal lieutenant of Juan Bosch as provisional president, the Dominican congress inflicted a stinging rebuke to the White House. It underlined the arbitrary character of the American intervention and made it difficult for the Americans to claim that they were rushing to the rescue of liberty.*

Mr. Y: In fact, they did believe that liberty was in peril and that the insurgents, in agreement with the exiled Juan Bosch, had become instruments of Communism. Their intelligence services probably gave them precise and urgent information to this effect which determined their actions. Was this information accurate? I know that secret services are often mistaken, as the Americans have learned by painful experience. In the circumstances, it must be admitted that they were obliged to take their agents' word. As for me, I am convinced that Communism, whose direction has passed from the Russians to the Chinese, pursues its subversive activities with new vigor, method, and boldness, and moves its pawns wherever it sees a strategic interest or a chance of igniting or fanning local conflagrations. Cuba, Vietnam, Santo Domingo are three manifestations of a single design and effort. My opinion has not changed. I continue to think that it is fortunate that America has not abandoned South Vietnam to its unhappy fate, and has upset the Communist projects in Santo Domingo. For Americans, the memory of Cuba has not dimmed. They remember that at first they supported Castro, and that he suddenly unmasked himself as a rabid Communist. Obviously, the United States does not want to fall into another such trap.

Mr. X: *Juan Bosch and his friends deny vehemently that they are Communists. Some journalists reported how an attempt to spot Communists in the ranks of the insurgents had found only fifty-eight of them.*

Mr. Y: That is either touchingly naive or arrantly dishonest. After the Marines landed no one was going to admit that he was or ever had been a Communist.

Mr. X: *You must agree that one of the most regrettable consequences of the American initiative, if I may say so, has been to patch up the Communist bloc at a moment when the conflict between Moscow and Peking was dividing it, and by the same token weakening it.*

Mr. Y: I agree. But don't forget that American firmness in Cuba taught Khrushchev a lesson. American firmness in Santo Domingo could well dampen Mao Tse-tung's ambitions, which in our disturbing blindness we continue to underestimate.

Mr. X: *The French thesis, of course, is that a state must never intervene in the internal affairs of another. This thesis is now reinforced by the Santo Domingo episode. It is only logical that General de Gaulle should openly blame the United States.*

Mr. Y: The thesis that you approve as the last word in wisdom is not so firmly founded on reason as you think. I agree that a state should refrain from interfering in the internal affairs of another, but on one condition: that the latter does not meddle in the internal affairs of others. Now, this is what Communists—what Mao Tse-tung's Chinese—are constantly doing in Asia and Africa. On all sides there are complaints that they infiltrate where they do not actually invade; that they are secretly or openly at work against established governments. To ignore this activity, to permit it to develop at leisure, to make it impossible for weak governments not to capitulate before the strong, is to play the adversary's game; it is to give way to the declared enemies of the West, to the cynics who speculate on the hesitations, divisions, and scruples of the free world. I consider it fortunate that the United States once again is putting a roadblock in the path of the troublemakers. A halt must be called.

Certainly it would be better if this salutary police action were exercised under the auspices of the United Nations. The U.N. was created to carry out just such tasks. It is the blue-helmeted U.N. troops who should "foil the plots of the wicked," maintain order, and safeguard liberty where it is attacked. But the U.N.'s authority is questioned. Some states deny it the right to intervene in the defense of legitimacy. Some states refuse to pay the expenses of a peacekeeping force. In effect, an attempt is being made to paralyze the institution in the face of an anarchy that is spreading little by little all over the world. To hold the American attitude up to public scorn is not, in my opinion, anything to be proud of. It will be considered presumptuous. If the purpose was to offend once again the American government and people, there can be no doubt that it has been achieved, but to what advantage?

We can get a reasonable idea of the reactions of those whom we continue to call our allies if we imagine how we would have felt if the President of the United States had publicly reproached us for sending parachutists to Gabon to protect a government grappling with the rebels there.

(From *Le Figaro*, May 12, 1965)

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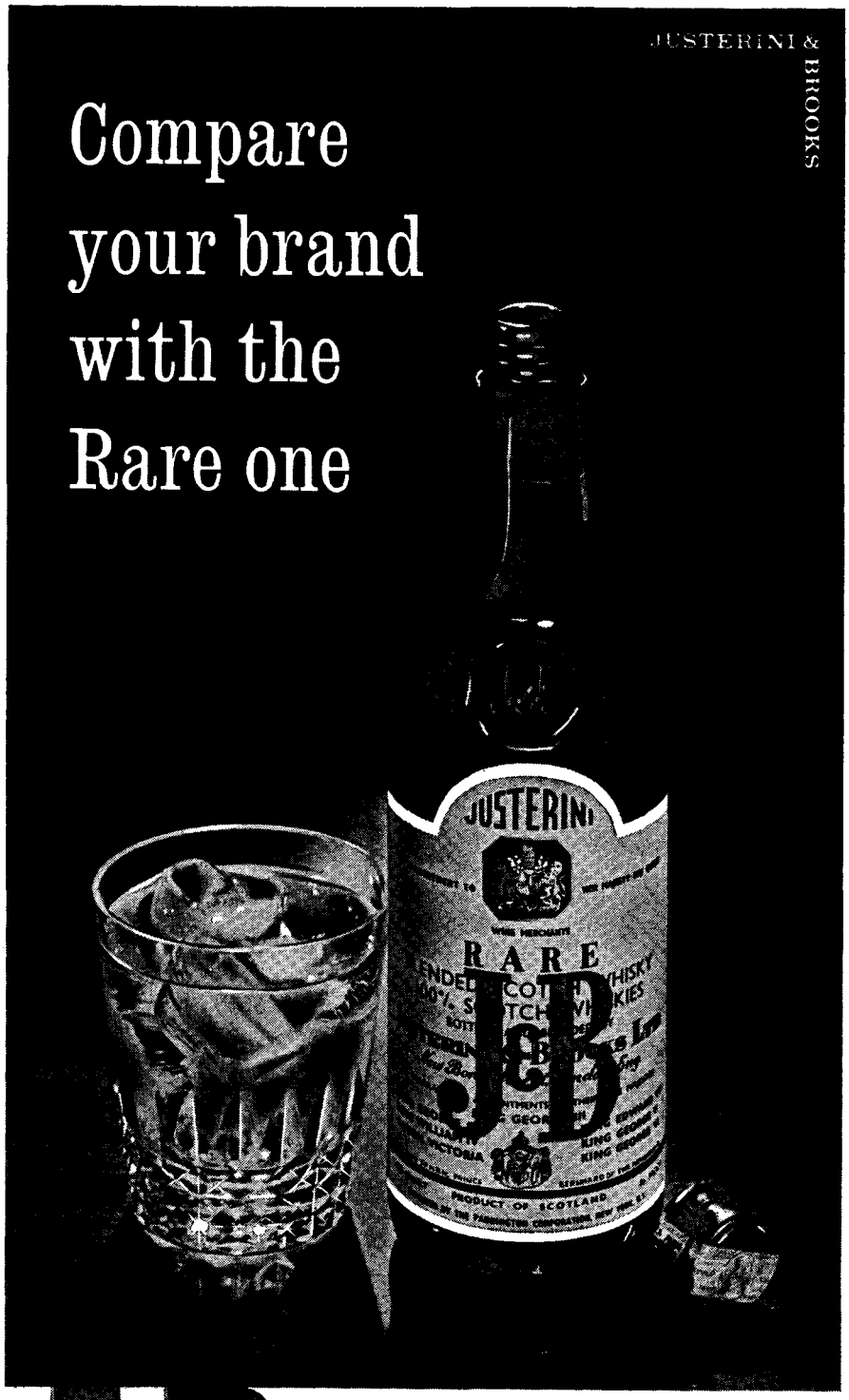
Trash-Tapping

If it's not one thing it's another on the civil liberties front these days. This time, the issue is "trash-tapping," a squalid practice unearthed in Washington by the National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union and one which the District of Columbia Sanitation Division has more or less agreed to discontinue. Trash-tapping, unfortunately, is just what it sounds like —"segregating the trash of special individuals into separate bundles," to use the words of the NCACLU, preparatory to what they have good reason to believe is a special look-see by agents of the Federal government. All this came to the attention of Washington civil libertarians when a local woman, who believed she had thrown out an address book, was informed by the Sanitation Division that she could not have access to four segregated bags of her own trash to conduct a search for the missing item.

When the woman turned to the NCACLU and the case received publicity, others complained that they too (or at least their garbage) were experiencing this strange form of discrimination—among them the Washington leadership of the Black Muslim movement. In an exchange of letters with Brigadier General C. M. Duke, Engineer Commissioner of the Sanitation Division, the NCACLU succeeded in getting its clients' trash integrated without having to go into court, an achievement we consider unfortunate not only because it would have pinned down and exposed the practice but also because of the fascinating issues that would have been raised in a legal action. Does the government require a warrant to search a garbage pail? To whom does refuse belong, anyway—the one who put it out, the one who picked it up, or the public at large? Had the civil-liberties group gone to court, it reportedly would have argued that the Sanitation Division in acting on another agency's request was exceeding its power, and it would have tried to build an invasion-of-privacy case.

The division has responded to the pressure of the NCACLU in the classic fashion of letting it be



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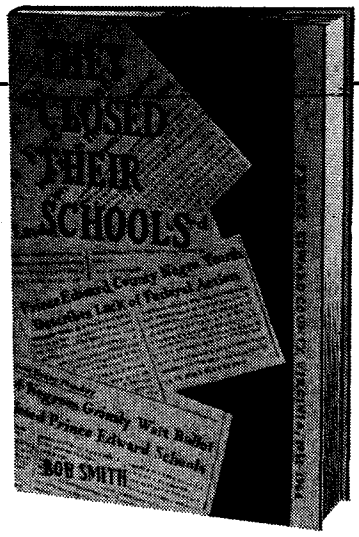

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known that it has discontinued the practice it never followed. At the outset, General Duke had insisted that a main reason garbage was examined was to make sure that no one was violating the District's elaborate refuse regulations. There are, for instance, four separate kinds of collection, and (omitting the section on "Dead Animals" for reasons of delicacy) we will give you an idea of the general rules in effect and the loopholes they provide for the trash investigators to peek through: "Ashes include coal ashes, household incinerator ashes, oyster and clam shells . . . also fallen plaster. . . . Garbage means waste food only. Do not include oyster or clam shells (see ASHES). . . . Trash means normal household refuse only . . . a reasonable amount of grass cuttings. . . ." For being unreasonable about the amount of his grass cuttings or for mixing up any of these other categories in a single container, the Washington citizen can be prosecuted and fined up to $300. Consider the dangers to one's Constitutional rights. Who, after all, is to say whether the government scavengers were looking for microfilm or empty oyster shells among your old grass cuttings? The subject is at least as complicated as it is loathsome.

Dixie Disunity

Congressmen from eight Southern states this May gave their governors a clue that things have changed on Capitol Hill when it comes to supporting the Southern Way of Life.

The governors, alarmed by the prospect that the government means business about withholding aid-to-education funds from states that do not comply with school desegregation, met in Atlanta to unite Southern resistance to the guidelines set down by U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel. After agreeing that "chaotic conditions" would result from enforcement of Federal rules, which they said "jeopardize the future of public education in many school districts . . . ," the governors descended on Washington in the traditional expectation of rallying the Southern bloc in Congress to a de-

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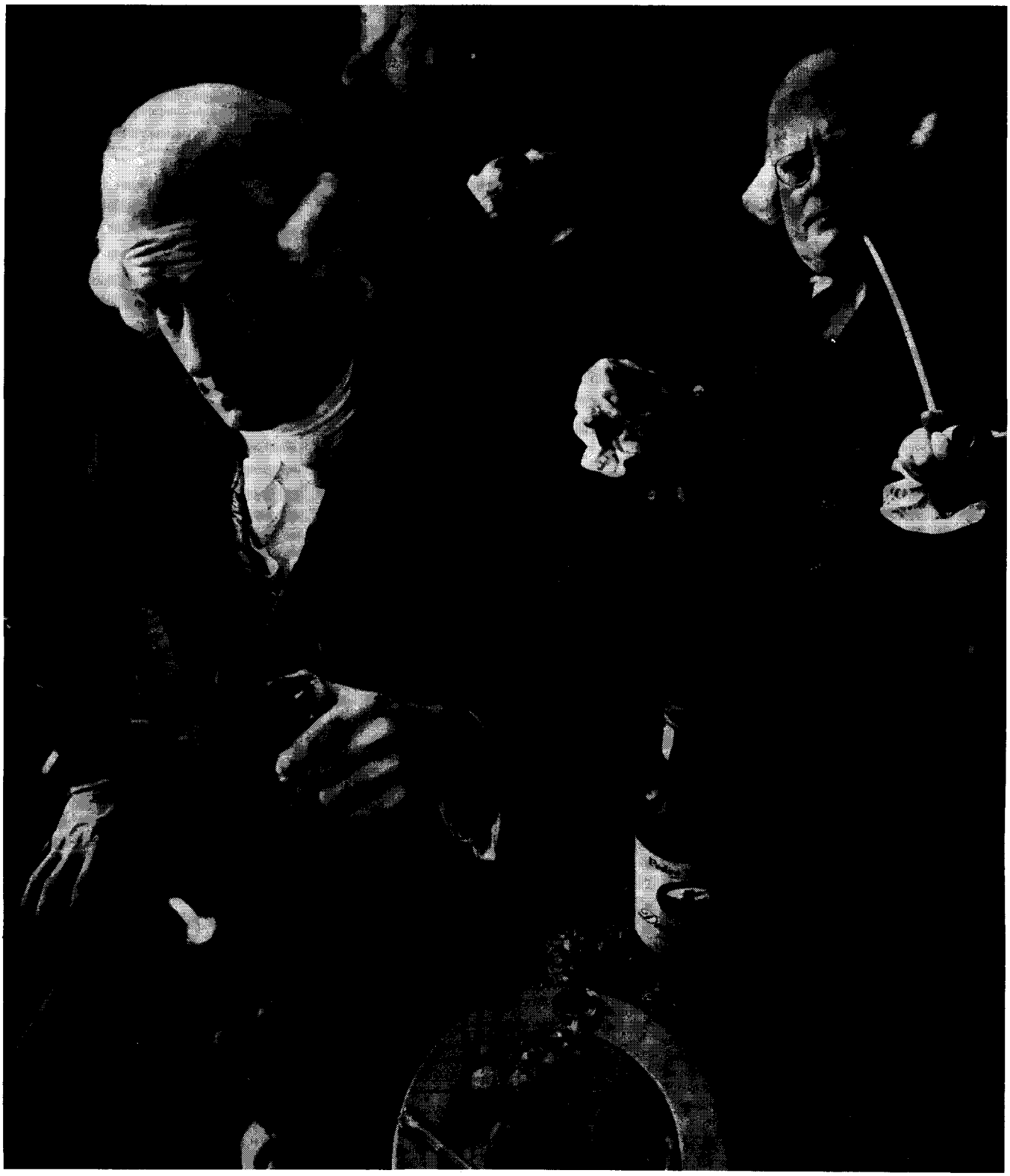

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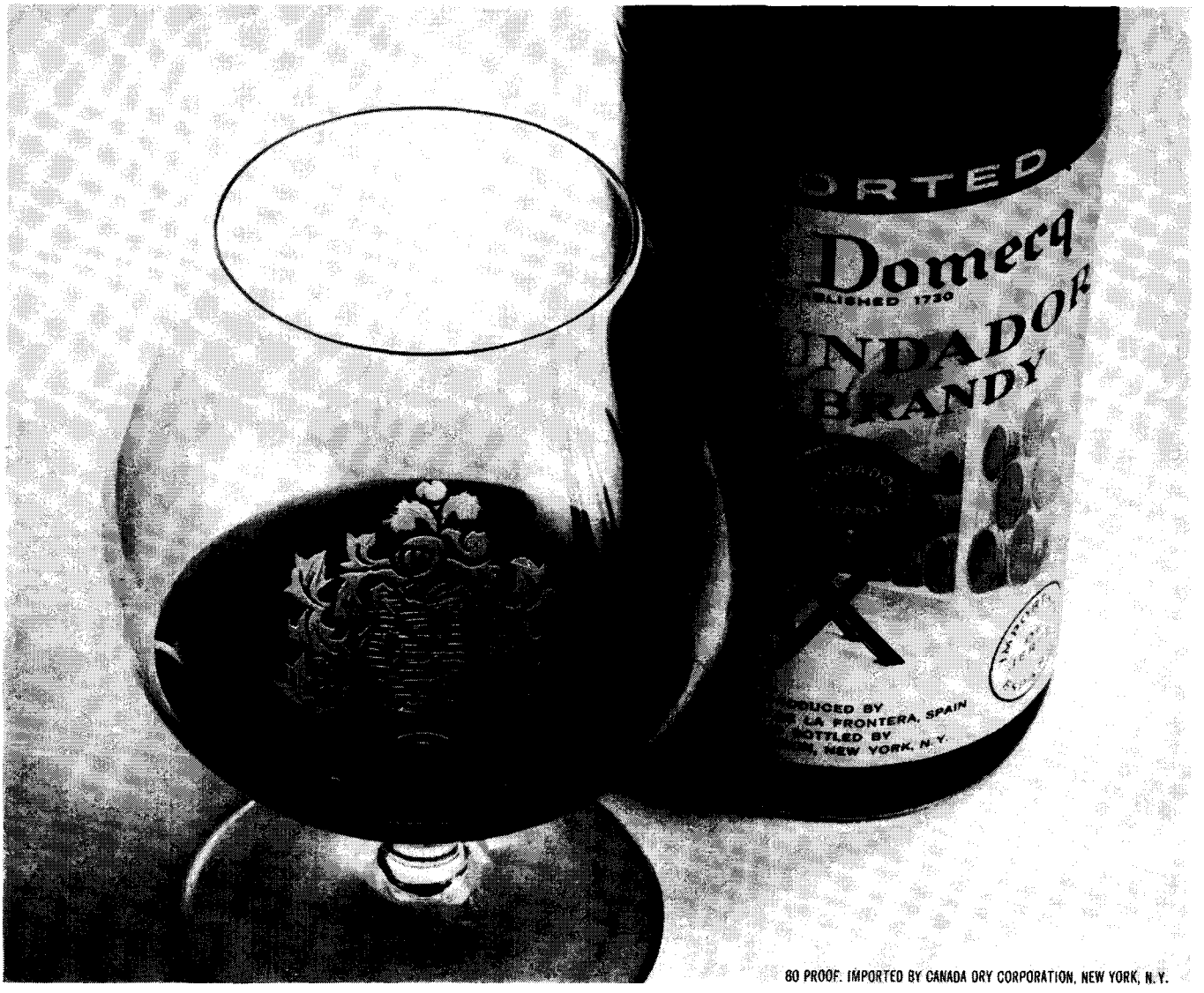

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fense of their cause. They were sadly let down.

Southern congressmen, moderate and otherwise, had little use for the visit. Beforehand, they accused the governors of trying to evade their own problem and of saying to the legislators, "We'll fight to the last drop of your blood." At a meeting in the House caucus room, the Southern senators and representatives had to explain repeatedly to the governors that they no longer had the votes to do anything about Keppel and his rulings. They suggested that the state executives see the President. The governors said they had tried that, too, without success.

As if this were not bad enough, the state delegations fell to squabbling. At a breakfast meeting with the Georgia delegation, Governor Carl E. Sanders was advised to dissociate himself from the more extreme views of the Alabamians and Mississippians if he wanted to help school districts in the state. Sanders, who had been criticized at home for his stand, took the advice.

Governor Paul B. Johnson, Jr., of Mississippi was slapped down twice at the full meeting by Georgians. One of them, G. Elliott Hagan, contradicted Governor Johnson when he complained that Southern congressmen were not doing all they could to soften the impact of the Civil Rights Act on school systems in the South. Another, Phil M. Landrum, squelched the governor's warning about Communists in the anti-poverty program by saying that if that was true in Mississippi, it was because the governor had failed to keep them out by not using his veto power. Johnson left the meeting early, shunning reporters.

After ninety minutes, the meeting carried a motion made by Sanders (backed by Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia, who blocked a militant Alabama resolution) recommending that each state maintain its own bargaining liaison with the Office of Education. Although Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama later insisted that everyone he had talked to agreed with the tough line taken in Atlanta by his colleagues, there was evidence to suggest that, at least in Washington, Southern unity is crumbling.

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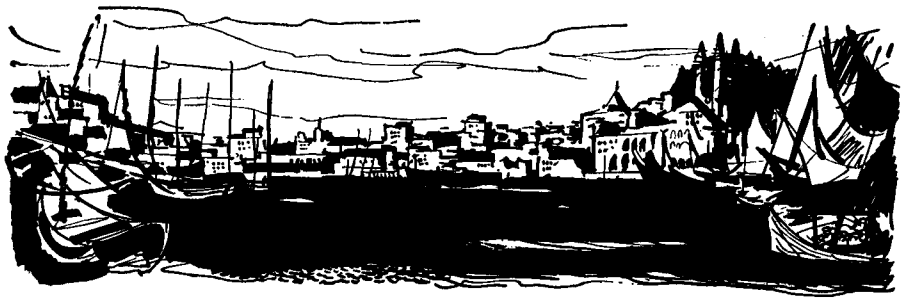

Africa's Latest Caesar

CLAIRE STERLING

ALGIERS

AWASH in a sea of abuse here, American diplomats are nevertheless inclining to take a more balanced view of their latest tormentor in Africa, Ahmed Ben Bella. The Algerian dictator is still trying to arm whatever Congolese insurgents he can find, and will no doubt continue to harass the United States whenever and wherever he can. But it looks now as if he is not going to get much support from Africans south of the Sahara.

Things had looked different at the height of the civil war in the Congo last fall. With the redoubtable Premier Moïse Tshombe hiring white South African mercenaries to put down his revolt and American planes dropping Belgian paratroopers on rebel-held Stanleyville to rescue white hostages, the whole of black Africa suddenly tilted to Ben Bella's side. The fact that he was unable to keep it there for any length of time has surprised almost everybody.

Certainly, Ben Bella has been putting on a flashy performance. Three years ago, he was merely one of a dozen men competing for power in Algeria. Today, he has not only *eliminated his rivals at home*—every one of them is in jail or exile—but has also overtaken the U.A.R.'s President Nasser as the most virulent left-wing nationalist in Africa. His controlled press and radio shriek in protest against the "filthy American imperialist murderers" and their "vile hirelings" abroad. His lieutenants either refuse to see American visitors or receive them with scant courtesy or none. ("I detest Americans," a foreign-office functionary informed me the minute I entered his office. "All of them?" I asked. "Yes, all, and everything about them: their colonialism, their racism, their way of life, their wealth, and, dear madam, their women in particular.") His emissaries crisscross Africa carrying money and arms for anyone disposed to overthrow a pro-western or insufficiently anti-western régime. Thousands of freedom fighters flock to him for military training, some from unliberated Angola and Mozambique, others from liberated Niger, Morocco, and the Congo, to name just three African-governed states where graduates of his Marnia and Baghari training camps have been caught and executed. What with the innumerable secret missions, the mysterious comings and goings at Maison Blanche airport, the thundering headlines and martial radio talks, Algiers has the exhilarating air of an advanced military outpost on the eve of an epic battle. And judging from appearances, there ought not to be the slightest doubt who will win it.

On the strength of this, Ben Bella has rapidly made his way to the top in Third World circles. The Russians have adopted him as a favorite, Chou En-lai as a confidant, Tito and Castro as an intimate. All the Communist countries have opened embassies in his capital, from the Moscow-oriented Eastern Europeans to Red China, North Korea, North Vietnam, and Albania. The Vietcong makes its western headquarters here. The second Afro-Asian Conference, attended by sixty-five heads of state, will be held here on June 29, and so, one month later, will the Russian-sponsored World Youth Festival, whose twenty thousand delegates have never met beyond the periphery of the Soviet bloc.

IN THE MIDST of such glittering display, people have tended to forget that Algeria is a poor and weak country inhabited by only ten million Arabs and Berbers in a continent containing more than 250 million black Africans who are by no means all friendly. Of the six countries bordering on Algeria, Mali alone is in sympathy with Ben Bella's policies; and of the thirty other independent African governments, no more than three are members in good standing of his political club, while twenty-four have not even seen fit to open embassies in Algiers.

What Ben Bella is up against, as Nasser was before him, is primarily an instinct for self-preservation. Most of the new African states are run by precarious one-party or one-man régimes whose single-minded concern is to stay in power. They

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are so susceptible to subversion that they all pledged solemnly, at the founding congress of the Organization for African Unity two years ago, to come to the aid of any incumbent government being undermined by any other. If they had kept the pledge, Ben Bella might no longer be in business.

For all their misgivings, however, African leaders do not generally dismiss Ben Bella as nothing more than a power-hungry competitor. "It is wrong to say that he is simply out to satisfy his personal ambitions," a Tanzanian friend passing through Algiers told me. "Of course he's after power, and we don't like what he's doing in our country any more than others do elsewhere. In fact, we've just thrown his ambassador out of Dar-es-Salaam for meddling with our army. But we're all trying to find ourselves in Africa, looking for a way to save our pride and stand on our own feet. Ben Bella thinks he has found the way. We think he's mistaken. But much as we may disapprove of his methods, at least he has a purpose—you might even call it a mission."

THERE IS not much question of that. Whatever part ambition may have played in Ben Bella's career, he has been a passionate nationalist since early youth and, after five years in a French prison cell, a dedicated if not scientific Marxist. During his years of enforced leisure, he had no difficulty in gaining access to Marxist literature, nor did the French Communists have any in gaining access to him.

Though he has never joined the Communist Party, he is one of the very few African nationalists molded intellectually by the European Communist movement. Where Nasser's "Arab socialism" is a ramshackle invention, Ben Bella's is considerably more authentic—a studied effort to combine old Marxist principles and new nationalist imperatives. This explains why he has so quickly replaced Nasser in the Russians' affections and has also been singled out for special attention by the Chinese. Neither can trust him entirely, but both have high hopes for him.

Having aroused such widespread suspicion in Africa, however, Ben Bella cannot easily induce African leaders to consider his neo-socialist anti-neo-colonialism on its merits, and those who do are not necessarily impressed by it. In practice, he is not the impeccable anti-colonialist he sets up to be, and Algeria is doing no better economically with its socialist revolution than dozens of African states are without one.

As a rising Third World personality, Ben Bella has found it expedient to pitch his attacks on neo-colonialism several decibels higher than Nasser's, getting into Sukarno's range. But as a matter of expediency also, he has concentrated his attacks on the United States, with which he has no personal dealings to speak of. With France, against which his countrymen fought a seven-year war of liberation, his relations are excellent, scarcely distinguishable from those of practically all African states with their former colonial rulers.

The Ties with France

Financially, economically, technically, and administratively, Algeria depends no less heavily on France than the fourteen former French colonies of black Africa do, or than Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Nigeria, and Ghana do on Great Britain. Militarily, furthermore, Algeria has gone to exceptional lengths to oblige its former rulers. Although the French Foreign Legion—formed in 1831 to "pacify" Algeria—has departed, military service units remain in the Algerian Sahara, where France is conducting nuclear tests at two Saharan experimental stations, in Reggan and the Oggar. No foreign power has been accorded a comparable privilege anywhere else on the continent.

Actually, the French have retained a great deal more influence in general here than is usually realized. The 900,000 *colons* who have left since independence have naturally lost their land, and those of the remaining ninety thousand who owned some have had it taken from them. But a preponderant share of French aid to Algeria, averaging $200 million a year, has gone back to them in the form of compensation; and other nationalization measures have hardly affected them. For all Ben Bella's claims to have set up a socialist state, eighty-five per cent of his country's commercial and industrial enterprises is still in private French hands. Twelve thousand of its schoolteachers are French (as against thirteen hundred Algerians), and Ben Bella is trying to recruit four hundred more by offering double the going wage in France. An estimated eight thousand other Frenchmen are serving as technical advisers in all the public services and in all government ministries except foreign affairs and information. Even the billion-dollar French oil investment in the Sahara will apparently be safe for a long time to come. Far from nationalizing the French consortium, Ben Bella has agreed in current negotiations to leave its present holdings intact, requiring only higher royalty payments and a fifty-fifty share from any new deposits found, under control of a joint Algerian-French "co-operative association." While he has presented this agreement as heralding "a new order of justice," its terms are almost identical to those negotiated by Enrico Mattei of Italy with the Shah of Iran and with Nasser in 1957.

There would be little worth noting in these more or less standard agreements if it were not for Ben Bella's fierce attacks on other African governments with the same kind of arrangements. Algeria understandably needs help and France logically is the country to provide it. Both sides expect to gain, and both do. Ben Bella gets generous financial and technical assistance to stave off bankruptcy, a guaranteed market for the heavily subsidized wine and citrus fruits that are his country's main exports, and a steady customer for the bulk of the annual Algerian crude-oil production, which amounted to thirty million metric tons in 1964.

In return, President de Gaulle gets the atomic testing grounds, a huge supply of franc-zone petroleum (which saves him the equivalent of $280 million in foreign exchange annually), protection for other French investments here, and a cordial relationship that is of immense value to him elsewhere. "Algeria," French Secretary of State for Algerian Affairs Jean de Broglie said not long ago, "now stands at the head of the group of poor countries facing the rich nations. She has reopened the Middle East to us and her support is useful in Latin

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America. She is the narrow door through which France is penetrating the Third World."

The Wrong Little Sermon

If there are important psychological differences between the French and the American ways of handling such matters, the substantive difference is slight. As every African leader knows—and none better than those who have experienced Ben Bella's meddling in their country's affairs—he is operating under much the same neo-colonial restraints as they are, and has no alternative except one that he is the first to reject.

The alternative was admirably defined last February by a spokesman for Communist China at an Afro-Asian economic seminar in Algiers. Although the six major western powers have lost most of their colonies, Nan Han-chen pointed out, they still control three-quarters of Asian, African, and Latin-American mineral resources, four-fifths of the twenty-two most strategic raw materials, and practically all the rare African metals indispensable to their industries and atomic armament. Africa cannot be truly emancipated, he continued, unless the Africans are prepared to give up the hush money they are getting from the West in the form of economic-aid programs and seize control of their own resources; and if they want to know how to survive thereafter, they have only to ask China.

Having banished all foreigners from its factories, mines, telecommunications, laboratories, schools, and cultural institutions, Nan went on, China has become a healthy nation by relying on its native diligence, renouncing vainglorious plans for heavy industry, and concentrating on agriculture. This has naturally meant sacrifice, hard work, and discomfort for the Chinese as it would for the Africans, who are equally poor and even less developed industrially. But if they should need help after throwing the imperialists out, China, as the sole world power with no imperialist designs upon them, would be happy to establish relations of mutual assistance.

The effect of this lecture on Nan's audience was about what he might have expected: dismay and embarrassment. There isn't a leader in Africa who would dream of deliberately reverting to the subsistence agriculture of pre-colonial days. On the contrary, their obsessive dream is to escape from it. Nothing could have been more unacceptable than the suggestion that Africa should make a virtue of what was obviously Red China's necessity.

Nor could anything have been more awkward for Ben Bella, either. As one of China's main sponsors on the continent, he has been identified with a policy of austere renunciation that nobody on the continent wants, and with an ally whose inadequacies are

manifest. Considering his personal experience, it is hard to see what else he might have expected. For all of Chou En-lai's flattering attentions, China has contributed next to nothing to Algeria's development. The $50-million credit line opened eighteen months ago is mostly unused and unusable, since Ben Bella cannot buy modern machinery with it or even hire Chinese agricultural advisers who know how to cultivate much besides rice and tea. The People's Militia which was to have been equipped and trained by Chinese officers still exists only on paper. Even the big merchant ship sent as a gift by the Chinese people lies idle at anchor, denied insurance by Lloyd's of London because Algeria has no licensed navigators to take it out to sea.

If the Chinese have been helpful to Ben Bella at all, it is largely as a means of prying more help out of the Russians, who have their limits too. While the Soviet credit line is five times larger than China's and a good deal more usable, it requires counterpart expenditures in local and hard currency that Ben Bella cannot afford and Algerian technicians he doesn't have. The Russians are unable to provide spare parts for so much as an office-building elevator in Algiers, and such machinery as they do provide is often below western standards. The same might be said for the weapons, for the most part second-rate, sent to Colonel Houari Boumedienne's Soviet-equipped sixty-thousand-man army. Russia's outstanding contribution to date is an institute to train two thousand Algerian petroleum technicians—a thoughtful gift that might well come in handy some rainy day.

No Easy Solutions

Although it is not for want of trying, therefore, Ben Bella has failed to find any fresh, much less spectacular, solutions for the familiar problems of an underdeveloped country. French assistance, though substantial, has barely been enough to maintain preindependence installations too elaborate and expensive for Algerian needs. Nobody is investing in new industries because the state lacks the necessary capital, and foreign investors have been frightened off by Ben Bella's insistent reminders that "everything" is going to be nationalized in Algeria some day. The state-owned sector, with fifteen per cent of the working force, is hobbling along under the inevitable handicaps of inexperienced personnel. The only Algerians who are slightly better off than before are the fellahin who have taken over the 7.5 million acres of superbly cultivated land abandoned by the French *colons*. Those still

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working the fifteen million acres in the "traditional sector" are as miserably poverty-stricken as always. Slavery still exists in the southern Sahara, where twenty thousand human beings are chattels of the Tuareg tribes. One out of every three Algerian workers is unemployed; and as the supreme humiliation for Ben Bella, one out of every five Algerians is being kept alive by American surplus wheat and farm products.

An End to Adventure?

Theoretically, none of this need prevent Ben Bella from pursuing his ambitions abroad. Nevertheless, the brief history of independent Africa already includes several footnotes on ambitious new men in comparable domestic circumstances who have tried and failed to take the continent by storm. Sékou Touré of Guinea is one, Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana another, and Nasser, whose area of influence has been visibly shrinking from all of black Africa to just the Arab Middle East, is a likely third. As Nasser's successor in the race for African supremacy, the president of Algeria may very well be the next.

His big chance was the Congolese crisis last September, which seemed ideally suited to his purpose. Many of the member states of the Organization for African Unity agreed to his proposals for backing the anti-Tshombe rebels. Rebel leaders had no trouble getting a hearing in African capitals, while Tshombe was put under house arrest in Cairo in October when he came to argue his case before the conference of nonaligned nations. Planeloads of weapons took off from Cairo and Algiers for the Sudan and Uganda, to be transshipped across the northern and eastern Congolese frontiers; and Ben Bella announced that Algerian volunteers would soon be on their way to join the rebel forces.

Before any volunteers could be assembled, however, the more moderate African leaders thought twice and backed out. At least half the arms that arrived in the Sudan were being sold to southern Sudanese insurgents trying to overthrow their own government. The rest were going to Congolese rebels who were demonstrably getting money and guidance from Red China. The arms themselves were Soviet-made, flown by Soviet pilots in Soviet planes bearing Algerian markings. And all Africa appeared to be falling under the sway of Ben Bella's small fanatic band—*Les Affreux,* the moderates call them. But when the Organization for African Unity held an emergency conference this February, Premier Tshombe got his hearing while the Congolese rebels did not. The Sudan closed its borders to arms shipments soon afterward, and the game was up—for the time being, at any rate.

The Congo being the largest and potentially the richest of the liberated African states, the game was extremely important and the defeat no less so. Realizing this, Ben Bella has been making a tactical retreat. Since February, for instance, he has withdrawn support from the Sawaba rebels in Niger who tried to assassinate their president last September (with Ben Bella's assistance), and advised Nkrumah to do the same; hustled his ambassador out of Dar-es-Salaam following Tanzanian charges of gross political misconduct; opposed Chou En-lai's demand for a new "revolutionary" United Nations organization; and signed the relatively balanced appeal of seventeen nonaligned nations for negotiations on Vietnam that was rejected by Castro and President Modibo Keita of Mali as being too lenient toward the United States.

Some take this to mean that Ben Bella is maturing as a statesman, and predict that he will go on to become a helpful mediator between moderates and extremists in Africa and perhaps Eastern Europe and Asia. Others, who seem closer to the truth, say that he has been obliged to recognize his own limitations.

De Gaulle Looks Left

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

DURING the last month's propaganda festival in East Berlin, Jacques Duclos, a veteran member of the Communist Politburo in France, had a private talk with Soviet Premier Alexsei Kosygin. According to *Paris-Presse,* he expressed the concern of the French Communist leadership over a newly introduced theme of Soviet political warfare. Since Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's visit to Paris in late April, Duclos is said to have complained, both the Kremlin and its East German stooges had gone too far in lavishing public compliments on President de Gaulle's statesmanship. Such bouquets might be useful in spreading suspicion of de Gaulle among his NATO allies, but, Duclos allegedly protested, they were having a no less unsettling effect on rank-and-file French Communists.

Exactly what terms Duclos used is not known. But judging from what other Communist bosses have been saying to newspapermen in Paris, the burden of his complaint was that depicting de Gaulle as a virtual ally of the Soviet Union undercut the French Communist Party's efforts to build him up in the public mind as the chief enemy of the nation's working class and made the French Communist leaders look like fellow travelers of Gaullism, thus exposing them to telling gibes from the par-

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ty's increasingly active pro-Chinese or Stalinist factions.

The East Berlin talk illustrates several odd and interesting features of the present international situation. For one thing, it suggests that polycentrism, to the degree that it exists today, in some cases inhibits rather than stimulates whatever aspirations toward peaceful coexistence there may be in the Communist camp. Another curious revelation is that even experienced politicians like Duclos appear to have been misled by de Gaulle's recent behavior into thinking that a reversal of France's alliances might really be in the cards. Unless the French Communist leaders had something like that in mind, they could hardly have been so disturbed by the Kremlin's propagandistic exploitation of the diplomatic flirtation between Paris and Moscow.

Yet less than a week after Duclos was voicing his apprehensions in East Berlin over too much Franco-Soviet togetherness, French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville was telling his colleagues on the NATO Council in London that de Gaulle's government had been greatly disappointed by the negative outcome of Gromyko's visit, especially by the display of Soviet inflexibility and "lack of realism" in regard to the German problem. The NATO meeting itself, though unlikely to be remembered as a feast of Atlantic unity, demonstrated, as the Gaullist *La Nation* put it, that the "so-called profound disagreements between France and its allies were not so deep as all that." Above all, the Duclos-Kosygin conversation has thrown light on the complex relationship between the domestic political situation in France and the world-wide power alignment (sometimes disguised as nonalignment) between East and West.

As the Parisian newsletter *Evénements et Perspectives* noted recently, any major reorientation of French foreign policy would imply some reshuffling of the Gaullist-rightist electoral and parliamentary coalition. An outright reversal of alliances, even if de Gaulle desired it, would confront him with the need for a hazardous switch of majorities at home. A few political observers here halfheartedly claim to believe that

such a switch may be impending, and there are some indications that de Gaulle is preparing his own version of an opening to the Left.

Indeed, if this were an ordinary year, it is hard to say how far the general might be tempted to sail on his new leftward tack. But it is not, for President de Gaulle—or the successor chosen by him—must face the voters next December. If de Gaulle decides that his health allows him to run, he has no need to court any particular bloc of voters; it is arrant nonsense to say that he is wooing the Kremlin in order to get the Communist vote in France.

From de Gaulle's viewpoint, however, it is not enough to make sure that he or some other Gaullist occupies the Elysée for the next seven years. He is doing everything he can to convert the forthcoming electoral test into a kind of unofficial referendum on the political institutions that Gaullism has established and on the spirit that animates them. In short, de Gaulle is seeking a durable consensus in support of the Fifth Republic and of his policy of jealously safeguarding France's national independence. An electoral majority, no matter how imposing, in which the Communists were a dominant element would not be a victory for de Gaulle's aims but a crushing defeat. The French Communist Party is openly hostile to the authoritarian pattern of the Fifth Republic and, as de Gaulle knows better than anyone else, is prudently disloyal to the cause of national independence.

On the other hand, de Gaulle cannot widen the basis of his popular majority toward the Right without making concessions to the pro-American, pro-European sentiments of most French rightists or center-rightists, and he probably would rather resign first. It is only from the Left that de Gaulle can hope to attract converts, but only that part of it whose highest political loyalty remains attached to the Jacobin ideals of nationalism, republicanism, and anti-colonialism. That, however, cannot be accomplished as long as Gaston Defferre, the recently re-elected Socialist mayor of Marseilles and the leading opposition candidate for the presidency, stands in his way. But Defferre seems to be encountering growing difficulty in his attempt to create a modern labor party in France, and the Gaullists have high hopes of eventually inheriting the Jacobin core of his support.

To succeed in bringing the Jacobin Left into the Gaullist camp, de Gaulle must walk a narrow path. He must attract a number of marginal or occasional Communist voters—the same ones Defferre is trying to woo away from the party; in appealing to them, the anti-American theme and the theme of East-West *détente* are particularly useful. Too much stress on these themes, however, alarms the Defferrists, who are strongly pro-European and, though nationalists, neither anti-American nor anti-NATO. There are indications in the Gaullist press of a partial realization that official policy has gone a bit too far, for electoral purposes, in harassing the United States and in flaunting the mild rapprochement with Moscow. While de Gaulle's future course remains as unpredictable as ever, there seems a good chance that the anti-U.S. and pro-Soviet themes will play a relatively smaller part in the forthcoming electoral campaign than once seemed likely. If so, Defferre will undoubtedly deserve some of the credit for having improved the political climate in France by his apparently futile race. A more significant factor will have been the French Communist bosses' dread of being outmaneuvered by de Gaulle even when he seems to be pursuing foreign policies for which they clamor.

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The Real Negotiations On South Vietnam

FRED CHARLES IKLE

THE UNITED STATES began to negotiate on Vietnam a long time ago. For many months now, all parties have been bargaining with each other, through lengthy speeches, secret warnings, hints, and, above all, actions. What could a formal conference add but more words?

Surely, domestic and foreign critics who still keep urging our government to "start negotiating" on Vietnam are not so naïve as to believe that it would only take a formal conference—some abracadabra in Geneva—to achieve what our present bargaining effort cannot. They must, therefore, have something else in mind when calling for "negotiation." It is easy to guess what this is: the only major alternative to the present policy, short of an expansion of the war, is to surrender South Vietnam to the complete control of the Vietcong and Hanoi.

Yet those who criticize President Johnson's present bargaining effort don't want to reach this final result too abruptly. They would prefer a deal that would permit us to withdraw without giving the impression of being routed. They fail to see, however, that we should not rush into a conference at any price if we wish to obtain more than Communist consent to an orderly U.S. embarkation schedule. For as soon as the American government exhibits a keen desire to quit South Vietnam, the Vietcong and the Chinese will have no incentive to cover up our defeat with face-saving arrangements.

The Evian agreement for the French withdrawal from Algeria is often cited as an example by those who hope to settle the Vietnam conflict by words alone, without further military action. In Algeria, however, the insurrection was not against an independent native government but against the French administration. Second, the outcome in Algeria was that the left wing of the rebel forces acquired complete control over the country. If we seek such an outcome in Vietnam we do not have to negotiate; we can simply leave tomorrow. Third, the Evian agreement did not save the French settlers from being driven out, and the specific clauses to protect the Algerians who had collaborated with France did not prevent Ben Bella's forces from taking revenge against them. Similarly, if we obtained an Evian-type face-saver for our withdrawal from Vietnam, it is hard to see how an immunity clause could protect those Vietnamese who made the mistake of relying on our word.

A Flip of the Coin

If the objective is to leave all of Vietnam to the Communists, it is not only more candid to ask for withdrawal without the euphemism of "negotiation," it may also be more efficient. For the principal argument in favor of our withdrawal is that it might help to reduce our long-term conflict with China or stimulate Titoism in Hanoi. To this end, it would seem better to start with a clean slate than with a cumbersome face-saving agreement that can only lead to disappointment and charges of violation.

On the other hand, to keep Vietnam from falling completely under Communist control, negotiation is necessary—not in the form of a formal Geneva conference but through the real kind of bargaining we are engaged in now. Whether and how soon this effort will succeed depends, in the first place, on the course of the war in South Vietnam and on the stability of the government in Saigon.

Second, we will have to convince our opponents that by continuing the war, they might lose more than they now possess, and we will have to cope with those mediators who want to chop away half of our position in order to "split the difference."

The latter requirement may in part be met by the air raids against North Vietnam. But these raids still allow the North Vietnamese to control their risks. They can have the raids stopped any day by indicating that their supplies for the Vietcong have been curtailed. Indeed, they might even succeed in stopping our raids just by sending a diplomat to deliver some speeches at a conference table.

For Communist China, the risks from continuing or stepping up its military support of the Vietcong are even more limited. China does not have to fear coming under direct American attack as long as it does not enter the war in an all-out fashion. Its nuclear-weapons plants, for example, will remain safe from American bombardment. Why, then, should China want to stop a war that its side still has such a good chance of winning? Mao must figure that heads he wins, tails he keeps what he has.

Let us assume, however, that we will succeed in convincing North Vietnam and China that their support of the Vietcong will become too risky or too costly—for contrary to what some pundits have been writing, China is utterly vulnerable to American strategic superiority. And let us assume, furthermore, that the local war in South Vietnam will be stabilized or will slowly turn in favor of the government forces. At this point, we will have to cope not only with the diplomacy of our adversaries but with our own self-appointed mediators, in order to avoid what President Johnson has called withdrawing "under the cloak of a meaningless agreement."

THE COMMUNISTS are preparing their case well. As their minimum conditions, they now insist on our agreement to a complete withdrawal and on our acceptance of the Vietcong as a negotiating party equal to Saigon. As soon as they have agreed to attend a conference *without* our prior agreement to withdrawal, they will have made their first big "concession." Then the pressure will be on President Johnson to offer his "counterconcession," not only by stopping the air raids against the North and by tolerating the Viet-

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cong's presence at the conference but also by curtailing American military support in the South. Should the President maintain that the Vietcong raids and terrorism must stop also, he will surely be advised by his domestic critics that such a cease-fire "runs counter to the nature of guerrilla forces," and that de Gaulle, too, could not insist on a cease-fire in Algeria during the Evian negotiations.

If we should give in at that point to such demands for "counterconcessions," the Vietcong campaign could continue while our support for the South Vietnam government forces would be hobbled. Thus, the Communists could only gain from endlessly prolonging the conference. In the Korean armistice conference at Panmunjom, the Communists maintained a completely unyielding position for two years, because we had made the initial mistake of removing military pressure by agreeing to the demarcation line.

NONETHELESS, at Panmunjom we won at least the principal issues, since our position was clear and firm. But on Vietnam, what we want seems more uncertain. We are saying that we seek no more than a return to the essentials of the agreements of 1954. And with a guilty conscience we recall that President Ngo Dinh Diem, allegedly with American advice, failed to hold the 1956 elections agreed to in 1954. Since a small group of terrorists can intimidate large masses of peasants, the impression prevails that a majority of the South Vietnamese might actually favor the Communists.

Yet it is easy to imagine what would happen if President Johnson insisted on free elections in the North (also called for in the 1954 agreement) as part of the new Vietnam settlement. He would be advised that in the North the existence of opposition parties "runs counter to the nature" of the Communist régime, and hence would be a foolish thing to insist on. His advisers would overlook the fact that close to one million people fled to the South rather than live under the Hanoi government—a number outweighing the supporters of the Vietcong, which allegedly expresses so much of the popular will in the South.

AT HOME & ABROAD

After the Washington Teach-in

MEG GREENFIELD

I. The Arrangers

A few weeks ago, Richard Mann, who teaches psychology at the University of Michigan and who is executive secretary of the Inter-University Committee for a Public Hearing on Vietnam, wrote a letter inviting Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy to participate in a national teach-in that the group planned to hold in Washington. Somewhat to Mann's surprise, Bundy telephoned him the next day in Ann Arbor and accepted the bid "in principle." Thereupon negotiations began between Bundy, the committee, Bundy's deputies, William J. Jorden and his assistants from the State Department's Bureau of Public Affairs, and a number of pro- and anti-administration professors, with a view to working out a suitable format for debating the government's policies and its aims in Vietnam.

In the course of three personal meetings and by way of innumerable phone calls and letters, it was agreed to by both sides that there would be no placards present in the hall that had been hired for the occasion in the Sheraton Park Hotel and also that there would be no demonstrations. The committee's negotiators assumed direct responsibility for seeing to it that no one would stamp, chant, march, or immolate himself in response to Bundy's presence. For what the committee understood to be "personal reasons" Bundy was not disposed to debate with Professor Hans Morgenthau of the University of Chicago, and he also was cool to Senator Wayne Morse. He accepted the political scientist and Asian specialist George Kahin of Cornell.

Another of Bundy's conditions was that his side be fairly represented on the panels. Thus it was that Bundy was permitted to provide a list of congenial—or relatively congenial—persons not in government from whom the committee was to choose one to speak at the morning meeting. When his first choice, the columnist Max Lerner, demurred, Bundy submitted the names of Wesley Fishel of Michigan State, John P. Roche of Brandeis, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., formerly of Harvard. Of these, the committee selected Schlesinger.

WHILE Washington has experienced just about every other conceivable kind of protest in the past, it was clear to those in charge

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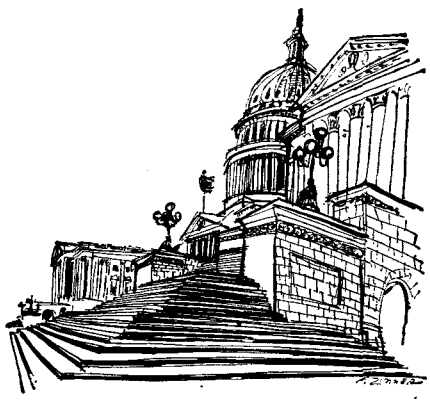
for the government side that the new technique required new and rather elaborate responses. Accordingly, the government's spokesmen were chosen with great care for their academic credentials. Many of them attended strategy sessions in the office of William Jorden, who among other duties runs a sort of State Department speakers' bureau. The bureau attempts to counter the charge of governmental unwillingness to discuss Vietnam by sending government representatives to campuses around the country, where they are then denounced as "truth squads" and "propagandists." Between them, the State Department and the White House are said to have requested (and been granted) more than three hundred tickets out of the several thousand available for the affair, and reporters did believe they discerned a pronounced and atypical enthusiasm for the government's position in the first four rows of the cavernous hall. The department had also rented the hotel's Franklin Room for the day, in the privacy of which a number of edgy-looking persons stood about waiting to meet any research emergencies.

The arrangers for the other side—chiefly teachers from the University of Michigan—were spread through a suite of stencil-littered rooms elsewhere in the hotel. There, by midweek before the Saturday event, a reporter could wander pretty much at will and observe them making such snap decisions as whether or not to continue a crucial telephone conversation with a television representative at the risk of failing to meet the plane of the Sovietologist Isaac Deutscher, who was flying in from London for the occasion. Unlike the government side, the teach-in leadership had taken its support where it could find it, and whether by reason of an excess of democracy or as a result of other pressures, it had done little or no co-ordinating or even previewing of its speeches. Thus, there was considerable surprise in the hall when Deutscher rose at the opening meeting and delivered a classical attack from the Left on Stalin for failure of revolutionary zeal. Press accounts of this remarkable episode tended to dwell upon Deutscher's physical appearance—his gestures, his beard, his resemblance to Lenin. And while such observations may have been superficial, it is nonetheless true that within minutes of embarking on his Trotskyite discourse, Deutscher had so utterly transformed the ballroom into some remoter hall in time and space and had worked such tricks upon the imagination that one expected him to be interrupted in mid-sentence by a bearded figure rushing onto the stage with an ax.

For all its more careful planning, the government side is said to have undergone a few surprises of its own, among them the speech of Arthur Schlesinger, who in turn seemed somewhat taken aback by the crowd's reaction to him. In establishing his independence of the administration, he dealt what many considered to be a superabundance of blows at Dean Rusk, the White Paper, the Dominican action, and the decision to become involved in Vietnam after the signing of the Geneva accords. Not that any of this seemed to make more palatable to the audience his arguments against a U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam or his declaration that the intellectuals of South Vietnam were not allied with the Vietcong and that withdrawal would mean "betraying people like ourselves"



there. When Schlesinger had finished his remarks, members of the audience, bursting with impatience, lined up six deep at various microphones to present him with their many-parted questions of rebuttal. "When I hear questions like that, I begin to wonder whether Mac Bundy might not be right," he growled at one point to a full accompaniment of boos and hisses. "What kind of audience is this?" he murmured when he came down off the stage.

II. The Participants

The audience of course was preponderantly academic, both by profession and in style. Everyone on both sides seemed to have a favorite historical analogy at the ready; excessively courteous titles were dispensed ("Mr. Ho Chi Minh"); the grim and sidewise joke, particularly as it was offered up by Morgenthau ("the noble war we are fighting," the "poor victim of aggression"), rarely failed to get a laugh. And, not surprisingly, people who had traveled hundreds and even thousands of miles to register a protest were overwhelmingly inclined to the view that (1) the government was acting out of unexampled malignity and (2) it had caused us to be hated with renewed fervor around the world. Indeed, the mere expression of either of these sentiments tended to produce an outpouring of cheers and applause that went beyond agreement to something like exultation and which was reminiscent of nothing so much as the happy automatic shout with which New York's Democratic party workers in the election of 1960 used to greet Carmine De Sapio's every dark announcement that the nation's economy was on the verge of collapse.

Among the sponsors and supporters of the teach-in were veterans of the peace movement, which has primarily concerned itself with disarmament in the past decade and which has focused rather suddenly and late on the problem of Vietnam —A. J. Muste, Seymour Melman, Arthur Waskow, Kenneth Boulding, Herbert Kelman, Staughton Lynd. Some, such as the economist Paul Sweezy, who in 1949 was arguing the perniciousness and futility of the Marshall Plan at the Waldorf-Astoria world peace conference, have been making their dire predictions at these conventions for almost twenty years. Others who were present in large numbers probably weren't twenty years old—students from high schools and universities in the Washington area. The meeting was notable for the dearth of big names from the world of arts and letters and even more notable for its heavy weighting of sociologists, physical scientists, and, above all, psychologists. There were, for instance, 181 professors of psychology as compared with seventy-eight

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political scientists in the roster of teach-in sponsors.

DESPITE the emphasis that the teach-in's leaders placed on facts and expertise, it remained essentially an apolitical—or even an anti-political—affair. Speaker after speaker professed not to understand why, if the government was engaged in negotiations, it could not tell the people all about them. Much of the argument seemed to be based on a psychiatric explanation of the behavior of Communist countries coupled with a kind of mote-and-beam moral logic by which the United States was disqualified from making even the simplest political judgments. As one of the organizers of the teach-in, Professor Anatol Rapoport, put it in the course of an interview, "Is it up to us to say who is a Communist and who is not?" The world whose outline had emerged by the end of the day's discussions was one without people or politics but only the reality of "social and economic forces." One of the heartiest laughs the audience enjoyed, in fact, was at the expense of a pro-administration panelist who went so far as to suggest that revolutions were fomented by revolutionaries. Revolutions, the counterargument ran, were fomented by "forces" which were regularly exacerbated by us. "Terror on our side," said Professor Stanley Millet of Briarcliff, "accounts for all that has happened in Vietnam."

On the occasions when speakers for the government side attempted to question the moral character of some of the protesters' positions, however, the protesters took shelter in a sudden hardheaded practicality. To the observation of Professor Wesley Fishel of Michigan State University that he could not see why they were so eager to hand sixteen million people over to Communism, Kahin quickly replied that no one was "eager" to do that, but one had to be "realistic." Professor Mary Wright of Yale even found evidence of some sort of superior life adjustment on the part of the government's critics, who were "more able" than the government spokesmen "to accept the fact" of Communism's inroads. As the day wore into night and a kind of combined exhaustion and stupefaction overtook the assemblage, the statements seemed to become ever more extreme and improbable, ending with a post-symposium outpouring from the floor. "We in the West are irrelevant," one man sternly announced. And a young woman associated with the American Friends Service Committee related the impression that she and Seymour Melman had gained after a recent interview with

Secretary of Defense McNamara. There was "no question in our minds," she said, "that the President is advised by men of unparalleled arrogance, stupidity, and incompetence." There was applause.

III. Teaching In

In an appeal for public support, the organizers of the national teach-in were at pains to point out that sponsorship of their effort implied "only a deep concern with the present situation in Southeast Asia and a conviction that questions related to peace and war should be open to responsible debate." The description could probably fit the position of any number of government supporters, and it surely was broad enough to include almost all the participants in the teach-in—from those at one end who seemed genuinely curious and troubled to those at the other who were raising money for medical supplies for the victims of "U.S. aggression." One of the built-in problems of the new movement, however, seems to be its indiscriminate generosity in granting critics of every persuasion of the government's activities in Vietnam a home within its ample tent. The dangers of the practice—diffusiveness, pointlessness, and the final lack of any coherent and identifiable argument—all seemed to be realized at the end of fifteen hours at the Sheraton Park. Nor did the combination of protest and analysis develop as a particularly happy one. The sleepless, marathon aspects of the meeting only served to blur any hoped-for sharpness of argument; selectivity and purpose were sacrificed to a public display of endurance. To whom were the participants addressing their arguments? The public? The administration? Each other? Was the teach-in a protest or was it, as announced, a chance for a great and informative debate? The question is nowhere resolved in the literature of the movement, and the participants spent a good amount of their time extolling the event as a major contribution to the process of debate in a free society. Still, it appeared unlikely that many of the teachers-in had come to Washington with a view to being taught anything at all. When I asked Dr. Rapoport on the eve of the meeting whether he entertained the possibility of changing—even ever so slightly—any of his opinions as a result of the pending exchange, he replied: "I do not feel the government has any case whatsoever."

Within the huge audience and even among the teach-in leadership, there was a fairly wide range of attitudes toward the function—particularly the future function—of the teach-in. And such differences of opinion and of degree of militancy as existed in the group seemed to be reflected in their different responses to the sudden cancellation of Bundy's appearance. Shortly after ten on Saturday morning, Richard Mann and Professor Ernest Nagel of Columbia had been called out of a meeting in the hotel and told that Jorden would take them to the White House, where Bromley Smith of Bundy's office wished to see them. Word of the cancellation started to spread around the hotel shortly after noon; and it soon was evident that there was anything but unanimity on the part of the leadership on what it meant and how to deal with it. Mann, who accepted the legitimacy of the explanation, attempted to soften the attacks Bundy's

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absence quite naturally provoked. A professor from Hofstra explained it all as evidence that Bundy had felt "personally threatened" by the criticism of his former colleagues. Arthur Waskow, in an impromptu press conference, averred that he had been told by a State Department official that Bundy's action was intended as an insult. "I suggest that individual press conferences take place somewhere else," another teach-in leader remarked when he came upon Waskow and the reporters outside the press lounge. Waskow finally drafted the telegram of challenge to Bundy that the group dispatched the next day, and it was somewhat milder in tone than a "minority report" version that was voted down in a sponsors' meeting that Sunday morning.

WHAT BY THEN had come to be known as "the question of Bundy" consumed almost as much time as the group's efforts to arrive at a conclusion on how to organize itself for political action in the future. But a good deal of time and argument was devoted to the latter problem. There were some who wanted to work through existing peace and political organizations. Others wanted to institutionalize the loose teach-in organization that had been set up. There were motions and motions to reconsider motions to set up a variety of guiding boards and committees. There were short tempers also. "I have never seen a more self-destructive act in my life," said Barry Commoner, a Washington University botanist, when a Michigan woman moved to reconsider some motion or other. How could Commoner say that, another man rose to ask, at a meeting on *Vietnam* policy of all places?

Little was settled as to future plans before the group dispersed and went back to their campuses. But it was clear that they had some decisions to make on how to bring their influence to bear on Washington, and that their problem was not unlike some of Washington's own—particularly the one the group had theoretically assembled to consider. "The administration won't talk to us," as one professor solemnly warned his colleagues, "unless we have some strength."

Fighting Poverty—And City Hall

ERWIN KNOLL and JULES WITCOVER

SYRACUSE

THE NEON SIGN blinked red and green over the front door of the Apostolic Church, breaking the drab twilight on Cortland Street with its alternating message, "Jesus Saves," "Jesus Heals." Children played on the sidewalk, and adults, some in work clothes and others in their Sunday best that Wednesday evening, filed into the church basement and sat down on plank benches or folding chairs.

When there were fifty in the hall, a tall young Negro stood and started speaking. "I'm a little disappointed in the turnout," he said, "but I never expected to see everyone here. There are those who are afraid. . . .

"The President of the United States has declared war on poverty. There are people who are in want—in want of housing, food, and education. And in want of something else: a voice of their own."

In this setting, the Johnson administration's war on poverty came a few weeks ago to Syracuse. Some Syracusans hope, and others fear, that with it came the beginnings of a social revolution.

The neighborhood meeting at the Apostolic Church, and others like it held every second week in six deteriorated areas of central Syracuse, are part of a Federally financed attempt to weld the city's poor into an aggressive, effective power bloc capable of wringing meaningful concessions from the community. The effort has raised a fundamental question of public policy: Should the Federal government, in the interest of truly involving the poor in the war on poverty, help them fight City Hall?

City Hall in Syracuse is convinced that it is the inevitable target of a $314,000 Federal grant for the training and field operations of sixteen organizers of the poor. The program, under three divisions of Syracuse University and with some funds from the Ford Foundation and other sources, has been designated by the Office of Economic Opportunity as a national pilot study on ways to personally involve more of the poor

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in local anti-poverty programs.

When Congress passed the Economic Opportunity Act last year, it specified that there must be "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in the planning and administration of local projects. The requirement is obviously vague, but it has been seized upon by certain OEO officials who are convinced the war on poverty can be won only if old social-welfare approaches, perpetuated by entrenched community leaders, are shunted aside. If the Syracuse experiment works, current attempts by OEO-funded "umbrella" community-action organizations to get by with no more than showcase representation of the poor are likely to be challenged even more vigorously by Federal officials.

Revolution Alinsky-Style

The university project is patterned on the techniques of Saul D. Alinsky, a Chicago sociologist who has been building the urban poor into pressure groups for a quarter of a century. Alinsky, who courts controversy and preaches social revolution, serves the university as a part-time consultant and lecturer.

Under the Alinsky system, organizers trained at the university are fanning out into low-income areas and setting up meetings—like the one at the Apostolic Church—in the hope that these will grow into neighborhood organizations strong enough to demand and obtain a redress of grievances. The problems under attack include charges of inadequate garbage disposal, excessive rents and gas bills, unjustified evictions, and lack of recreational facilities.

Accompanying these efforts is a vigorous voter-registration campaign. "Register for Power" is one of the slogans displayed in single-sheet neighborhood newspapers distributed as part of the organizing drive. Democratic enrollments in the low-income areas are already rising, a fact that troubles Republican Mayor William F. Walsh, who is up for re-election this year.

"These people go into a housing project and talk about setting up a 'democratic' organization—small 'd' —but it sounds just the same as Democratic—big 'd'," the mayor explains. "In a close election, it could be decisive."

Local resentment over the university project has reached the White House. On April 12, Charles A. Walker, a commissioner of the Syracuse Housing Authority, wrote to President Johnson protesting that the Federal anti-poverty grant was being used to finance "activities which do no good and will ultimately cause serious trouble in our community if allowed to continue."

Walker charged that the university organizers "are claiming that all kinds of benefits will accrue to the tenants of our housing projects if they will join these 'action committees.' One of these promised benefits is the 'improvement of conditions' in the housing project known as Pioneer Homes. Conditions in Pioneer Homes are as good as the tenants will permit them to be."

Walker enclosed a memorandum from William L. McGarry, executive director of the Syracuse Housing Authority, who wrote: "I thoroughly distrust any program that identifies two distinct classes of society. In this

case, the 'poor' and the 'affluent.' This social-action program follows all of the old patterns of class distinction and hate, so easily identified with Marxism. The obvious cleavage away from the established resources of social welfare and charity in our community by the action group only makes the identity of the classes more distinct. If ever the circumstances that create hostility among these occur, we then have a situation that—by the grace of God—has never happened in our city."

Dean Clifford Winters of University College, one of the units involved in the anti-poverty project, issued a statement branding the charges as false. Nevertheless, the complaint to the White House brought an OEO investigator to Syracuse for three days of intensive discussions with both parties. His report has gone to OEO Director Sargent Shriver, but it has not been made public.

Such CORROSIVE controversy is not common in traditionally conservative Syracuse, where City Hall has been in Republican hands for many years. The city has a diversified industrial base and is not overly dependent on defense contracts. The Negro population is small—some twelve thousand out of a total population of somewhat more than two hundred thousand—though it occupies about eighty per cent of the low-income target areas of the war on poverty. A current hiring-practices drive by CORE against a key local industry, the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, has been so ineffective that CORE recently tried to bring the campaign to life by importing twenty Negroes from Selma, Alabama. But with only a six per cent Negro base in the population and with little active support within that group, CORE's attempt to tag Syracuse as "the Selma of the North" was unsuccessful.

The CORE demonstrations, punctuated by occasional arrests, have at least attracted attention, but the average Syracusan still does not know or care about the anti-poverty controversy. Among community leaders, however, there are knowing references to Alinsky's 1946 autobiography, *Reveille for Radicals*, and a descriptive brochure issued by Syracuse University's anti-poverty project is the subject of angry luncheon conversation.

"This program," the brochure declares, "differs from most in being solely concerned with the creation of powerful self-directed democratic organizations in areas of poverty." Applicants for the training program, it added, "should have a controlled but intense anger about continued injustice and should be committed to hard work for people who are grappling with apparently overwhelming problems." The fact that

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a number of veteran civil-rights workers have been recruited, including several members of CORE, has not reassured those who view the program with concern.

Among those most concerned are the city's established social-welfare agencies, which have banded together in the Syracuse Crusade for Opportunity, the officially designated "umbrella" organization for the local war on poverty. Because the university program has received an OEO grant outside the Crusade, a jurisdictional conflict is erupting in the low-income target neighborhoods. Crusade officials suspect that planners of the university program have outmaneuvered them, grabbing off an independent OEO grant after having talked about working under the Crusade umbrella. Several weeks after the university received its Federal money, the Crusade's OEO grant came through. The amount—$483,000—was about a third of what had been requested.

Projects in Collision

But these are minor irritants compared to the abrasive debate over the question of the role of the poor in the war on poverty. The university program's "social action" approach assumes that the poor have common interests and needs, and that these can be met when the poor are mobilized into powerful and articulate organizations. The Crusade also sees its task as mobilization—but mobilization of the established welfare and civic agencies of the community to combat poverty in terms of its individual victims, with "representatives of the poor" handpicked by Crusade officials.

The executive director of the Crusade, an anthropologist and former Community Chest official named Ben Zimmerman, warns that the university project has a potential for promoting civic strife. "If you talk about a mass program, you're saying, 'How do you galvanize the poor to break down the walls of the city?' Anger and frustration can bring a program together. But you have to keep fanning the flames if that's what keeps the program going. This is the kind of program that really demands an outside 'enemy.' "

The chance of a collision between the Crusade program and the university project is great, Zimmerman says. "The worst thing that could happen is for a fight to develop over who 'owns' the poor."

The director of the university project, Assistant Professor Warren C. Haggstrom of the School of Social Work, describes the program as nothing more than encouragement and guidance toward do-it-yourself democracy.

"Ours is a philosophy of self-help," Haggstrom says. "We want to help the neighborhoods develop strong democratic organizations with as wide a base as possible that will achieve an additional level of power—enough power to enable those individuals excluded from the community to enter it. The poor are outsiders; the problem is, How can they enter the community? If you just give them services, it doesn't pull them in. The failure of past welfare programs proves that." The poor can enter the mainstream of the community "only in a process where people are in charge of their own lives," Haggstrom insists. "And in order to be self-responsible, you have to have a certain level of power."

Zimmerman and Haggstrom are on the front line, but the Syracuse tempest really rages around Alinsky, a man few Syracusans have ever seen or talked to. He comes to the city for four days at the end of every month to lecture and consult at Haggstrom's Community Action Training Center, but his reputation as a blunt, deliberately vexatious assailant of the status quo has ignited emotions ranging from indignation to near-hysteria among downtown community leaders.

A VETERAN of the early organizing days of the CIO, Alinsky began using union tactics in neighborhood drives before the Second World War, when he and the late Roman Catholic Bishop Bernard J. Sheil organized the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council in Chicago and helped a group of Irish Americans turn the stockyard slum where they lived into an enviable urban community. In recent years Alinsky has applied his progress-through-power techniques in behalf of low-income Negroes in Chicago and elsewhere. He currently is disturbing the tranquillity of civic leaders in Rochester, New York, where his Industrial Areas Foundation has been hired for $100,000 by a group of churches to work with the Negro community of thirty-two thousand that erupted in riots last summer.

Alinsky also is about to enter anti-poverty activities in Buffalo and in Kansas City, Missouri. Hence, the success or failure of the Alinsky approach in Syracuse may have a great impact on the administration's war on poverty. So far, the OEO is officially neutral on Alinsky. If he makes his mark in Syracuse, other anti-poverty community groups will want his help, and the conflict over Federal financing of assaults by the poor on their own city halls will mushroom.

"This is part of a ferment that is developing throughout the country now," Alinsky says of the Syracuse controversy. He dismisses much of the conventional welfare approach as "sentimental slop." Perhaps to buffer himself against sentimentality, Alinsky avoids direct contact with the poor of Syracuse, confining his activities to the academic area. He is aware, too, of the pitfalls of Federal financing and insists on receiving his retainer directly from the university.

Organizing the Poor

A long-time Alinsky associate, Fred W. Ross, is the field director of the organizing phase of the university project, and Haggstrom runs the research and training program. Ross was West Coast director for Alinsky's foundation before he came to Syracuse last year to help the Crusade with a "community development" program of its own. He switched to the university project when its OEO grant came through.

Basically, the Alinsky system works this way: in each of six selected low-income areas of the city, teams of two—usually one Negro and one white student—conduct about a dozen house meetings in a neighborhood to urge the formation of a citizens' organization to process complaints. When sufficient interest has been aroused, a process that usually takes about five weeks, a neighborhood organizational meeting is held. Temporary officers are elected and "action committees" are formed to handle pressing problems. Regular

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officers are chosen by the members and a constitution is adopted.

At this stage, the university organizers blend into the background, with the members of the new group in control. Eventually, all the neighborhood groups will be linked in one "organization of organizations" that can legitimately claim to speak for the city's poor. Issues isolated by the action committees will be taken up with the authorities and, it is hoped, resolved by negotiation. If they are not, Alinsky tactics of the past—including rent strikes, mass sit-ins, and other weapons he used even before they were adopted by the civil-rights movement—can be expected.

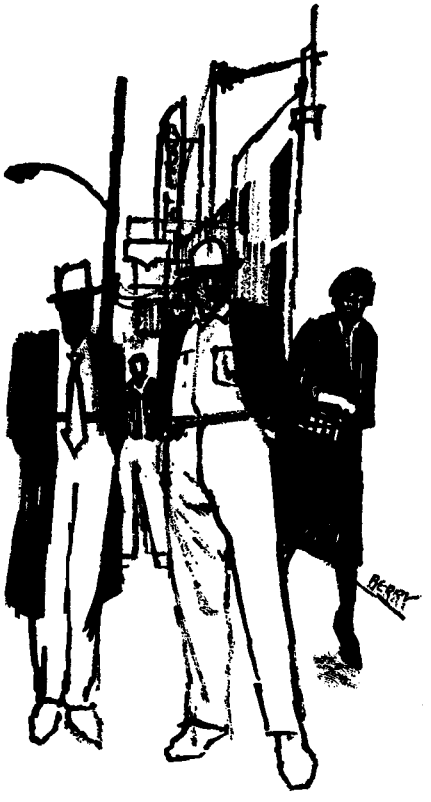
Alinsky, Ross, and Haggstrom contend that the power of the poor will bring about redress of grievances with less open strife than would eventually occur if the demands of unorganized poor were ignored or suppressed. Haggstrom, a local NAACP official who was arrested and released in October, 1963, in a demonstration at a Syracuse urban-renewal site, says he and the university will withdraw their support if activities of the neighborhood organizations lead to violence or lawbreaking. But he says legal advice indicates that both rent strikes and sit-ins would be legal in Syracuse.

The social-action planners' confidence that their efforts will not precipitate violence is viewed with skepticism among the downtown community leaders. Mayor Walsh, for one, fears trouble: "They try to pit the poor against everyone else in the community. Such talk as 'guerrilla warfare' and 'agitation to the point of contact' is certainly not in keeping with social-work techniques, because the purpose of social work is to help people help themselves."

Such official criticism, combined with the protest to Washington and the complaints of members of the Crusade board, pains top officials of the university, which is heavily dependent on local endowment for its costly building program. Some influential Syracusans hope that Chancellor William P. Tolley will put a stop to the anti-poverty project, but any such move would probably precipitate a dispute over academic freedom.

To ease the pressure on the university, a new nine-member board, headed by a clergyman who also serves on the Crusade, is to receive a subcontract for the organizing efforts under the university's Federal grant. The board will seek additional funds of its own, and will try to serve as a bridge between the social-action program and the Crusade. But while this device may give the university some relief, it is not likely to remove the basic fears about the organizing-the-poor project itself.

Mayor Walsh, caught between the university and nervous community leaders, blames Washington for his



quandary. He says that he was distressed when he learned that OEO was giving an independent grant to the university outside the Crusade, which he and the Republican county executive had designated as the official anti-poverty umbrella agency. "I feel that the responsibility for this rests with OEO in Washington," Walsh said. "It was our feeling that nothing should be done in this community without being cleared with the Crusade."

OEO officials have made several efforts, apparently without success, to promote co-operation between the Crusade and the university project. A showdown could come when the university's nine-month grant comes up for renewal in October. But before then, OEO will have to face a basic policy decision that can have national ramifications for the war on poverty.

Shriver and the Johnson administration will have to decide first whether it is practical and prudent to award more than one OEO grant within a single community, if the probable result is a jurisdictional conflict. Having encouraged localities to put all anti-poverty resources under one organization, OEO must be ready for a storm whenever another project it finances attacks the status quo represented in the umbrella agency. But in view of the Congressional mandate to involve the poor in a meaningful way, OEO can hardly turn its back on the Alinsky experiment and others like it.

In the political field, a surrender to community pressures in Syracuse by withdrawing the OEO grant to the university could bring Chairman Adam Clayton Powell of the House Education and Labor Committee into the fray. Powell, using his committee as a watchdog over OEO, bore down in recent hearings on the Shriver-supported umbrella approach in New York City. He is interested, presumably, because he sees his own primacy in the Harlem program—and perhaps in the program nationally—threatened by the influence of city hall. If he were so inclined, Powell could blame any scuttling of the Alinsky experiment on excessive local political control.

The Syracuse dispute is, therefore, more than just another local squabble among hundreds that are breaking out on all fronts of the war on poverty. (An OEO official says candidly, "If the mayors of this country knew what they were letting themselves in for, they never would have signed on.") Local leaders may boggle at the notion of Federal financing for an attack on city hall, but the new breed of anti-poverty warriors in Washington are likely to shrug and observe that war is hell. Full speed ahead, they say, throw out the old ways and bring in the new, and let them iron out the local arguments on Main Street.

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Criminal Law And the Bill of Rights

J. SKELLY WRIGHT

CRIMINAL LAW, long the stepchild of American jurisprudence, is undergoing a revival of interest on the part of law schools and the legal profession and a re-examination on the part of the courts. Students are stimulated to debate such concepts as culpability, competence, equal justice, the right to counsel, and the defendant's right to a fair trial in relation to the rights of television and the press. Law journals are discreetly suggesting that the bench and the bar wake up to new approaches to criminal justice. Much of the change has been sparked by recent decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court. For years we have professed equality before the law, affirming that our Bill of Rights was equally applicable to all our citizens, and that these first eight amendments to the Constitution actually mean what they say. But those of us who are older in the law know full well that to the great majority of defendants in criminal cases—the ones too poor to hire competent counsel—these professions of equality were a cruel hoax. The kind of trial a defendant received often depended on the condition of his pocketbook and, to some degree at least, on his social standing. In recent years, the Supreme Court has sought to make good the Constitutional promise of equality by interpreting the Bill of Rights as a code of law rather than as material for Fourth of July speeches.

The origin of this change can be found in *Adamson* v. *California,* decided by the Supreme Court in 1947. In a ruling made before the Civil War, the court had held that the Bill of Rights was binding only on the national government. The question presented in *Adamson* was whether the Fourteenth Amendment changed the rule of this case and made the Bill of Rights binding on the states as well. In *Adamson,* for almost eighty pages and in four separate opinions, the justices debated the question whether the due-process and equal-protection clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment were shorthand for the first eight amendments containing the Bill of Rights. Over a strong dissent by Mr. Justice Black, with Justices Douglas, Murphy, and Rutledge also dissenting, the court held that the Fourteenth Amendment was not shorthand for the first eight and that unless state action shocked the conscience of mankind or otherwise violated our concept of ordered liberty, it did not transgress the due-process clause. Due process was to be spelled out on a case-by-case basis. But on this basis, the important portions of the Bill of Rights have been applied to the states under the Fourteenth Amendment.

The First Amendment freedoms, which have no direct relationship to the criminal law, were the first to come under the umbrella of the Fourteenth. The other portions of the Bill of Rights that do relate to the criminal law have, after some delay, followed suit. For instance, although in 1942 the court had limited the Sixth Amendment's right to counsel to capital cases in the state courts, it was not until 1963 that the court swept away that limitation in the now famous *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* case. The Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures was held applicable to the states in 1949, but it was not until 1961 that evidence obtained in violation of the Fourth was ordered excluded from state-court proceedings.

In a 1962 case that originated in California, the cruel-and-unusual-punishment provision of the Eighth Amendment was applied against the state. The Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination became part of the Fourteenth at the last term of court. And, in the same court term, state-granted immunity from prosecution resulting from compelled testimony became binding on the Federal courts. Finally, in a case decided this April, the Sixth Amendment right of the accused to be confronted by his accuser was incorporated into the Fourteenth. Thus with the exception of the Fifth Amendment's double-jeopardy clause and the Sixth and Seventh Amendments' right-to-jury-trial provisions, most of the important protections of the Bill of Rights have been made applicable to the states.

Bail and Jail

There has also been a re-examination of the right-to-bail provisions of the Eighth Amendment. An archaic process with roots deep in history, bail has become a barnacle on the back of the criminal law. Theoretically a defendant out on bail is in the custody of his bondsman. Thus the bondsman is allowed to charge a modest fee, ten per cent of the bond, for the service he renders and the risk he runs. Actually a defendant on bond is in the custody of no one and the police and the FBI are much more familiar with his whereabouts than his bondsman. Moreover, if the defendant fails to appear for trial, it is the FBI or the police who pick him up—yet the bondsman gets the fee. In short, the bondsman gets paid for rendering no real service, and something for nothing of-

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ten spells trouble. It is no wonder that from time to time the bonding business has been the source of scandal and unsavory conduct on the part of public officials who become too friendly with bondsmen.

There are laws that make it a criminal offense for a defendant to fail to appear in court. Sometimes the penalty for violation is more severe than that for the crime originally charged. A defendant bent on absconding would certainly be more impressed with a prison sentence for failure to appear than he would be with forfeiture of his bond. But if the threat of prosecution for nonappearance is ineffective, the threat of bail forfeiture certainly won't ensure the defendant's presence at his trial.

The requirement of bail can also work great injustice for those unable to pay the bondsman's fee. The poor remain in jail, where they are unable to support their families, find their witnesses, and otherwise assist in the preparation of their defense. And, perhaps as a result, statistics limited to first offenders show that fifty-nine per cent of those unable to make bail are found guilty and sentenced to jail terms, while only ten per cent of those on bond receive jail terms. The direct relationship between jail sentences and the inability to make bail seems obvious.

But *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* did not settle all the difficult questions stemming from an accused's right to counsel. As a matter of fact, shortly after *Gideon* the Supreme Court decided *Escobedo* v. *Illinois,* in which the difficult question of when the right to counsel begins was explored. *Escobedo* makes clear that if the right to representation is to be effective it must be provided early; for the defendant the period immediately after arrest is one of the most critical stages in the criminal process. It is at this stage that the person arrested is brought to the police station to be booked and, if counsel representing the accused is not present, to one of the various squad rooms for interrogation. It is also during this time that the police bring in the complaining witnesses to identify the accused.

There is no way of knowing what goes on in the back rooms of the police station except through the testimony of those present. The proceedings are not of record, and the only "transcript" is the policemen's testimony. Naturally, the accused may take the stand and deny that he made the statements attributed to him by the police. But there are usually three or four police present who swear to a single version of the proceedings, so that the accused's version has very little chance of acceptance. In effect, the police have an unrecorded trial in the police station and then give their oral version of this trial when called upon to testify in court.

It was to eliminate this unequal contest of oaths between policemen and a lonely defendant that the Supreme Court held in *Mallory* v. *United States* that Rule 5(a) of the Rules of Criminal Procedure requiring that a person under arrest be produced before a U.S. commissioner "without unnecessary delay" for instructions as to his rights to counsel and to remain silent, must be strictly enforced. And the only way to enforce Rule 5(a), as the court held, is to exclude confessions and admissions allegedly made by the accused during this period of unnecessary delay.

Escobedo was an attempt to apply in a general way the broad principle of *Mallory* to state proceedings. In *Escobedo* the police took the accused to an interrogation room and refused to let him see his lawyer, even though his lawyer was in an adjoining room demanding to see him. The court ruled that Escobedo's confession obtained under these circumstances violated his Sixth Amendment right to counsel. The court stated that the right to counsel arose when suspicion began to focus on the suspect and, since Escobedo had already been arrested, presumably with probable cause, he was entitled to a lawyer.

Coddled Criminals?

It is true that compliance with the principle announced in *Escobedo* could interfere with police investigations as they are presently being conducted. But there is no Constitutional requirement that police investigations follow the present pattern of making the case out of the mouth of the accused. Ours is an accusatorial, not an inquisitorial, system of criminal justice. And police investigations should be focused on obtaining evidence from sources other than the accused himself. Requirements such as probable cause for arrest and issuance of search warrants, right to counsel, and the like may indeed handicap the police. But the Bill of Rights applies to police investigations as well as to the criminal trial itself.

The unfavorable publicity given to recognition by the courts of the Constitutional rights of a person charged with crime has made some people understandably concerned. Police chiefs complain that they are being "handcuffed" by the courts. These complaints are being echoed by commentators, columnists, and cartoonists who charge that the courts are coddling criminals. Even a Federal judge recently wrote, "In our concern for criminals, we should not forget that nice people have some rights too."

This criticism of the courts reflects a basic misunderstanding of the purpose of the Bill of Rights. The Bill of Rights was designed to protect all of us from the oppression of the state; it attempts to draw the proper line between the state's obligation to preserve order and the individual's right to be let alone. The Bill of Rights says to government, state and Federal: "A citizen is presumed to be innocent of wrongdoing. If you have evidence of wrongdoing, proceed according to law, but don't expect, and don't force, the citizen suspected of crime to testify against himself."

The Bill of Rights protects all of us or none of us. There is no middle ground. And the sooner the "nice people" realize this, the sooner the police will also, since they merely reflect the community consensus. When the community wants law enforcement according to law, it will have it.

Moreover, the public would be reassured if the news media would balance its stories about handcuffing the police with the statistics relating to exclusionary rulings by our courts. For the facts are that about seventy-five per cent of persons charged with crime plead guilty; only twelve per cent go to trial; and of that twelve per cent, exclusionary rulings occur

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only in a small fraction of the cases. Perspective would be restored by the publication of such statistics.

Police compliance with the protections of the Bill of Rights presents no problems when the person arrested has sufficient means to obtain a lawyer, who will immediately meet him at the precinct station. The same holds true for persons connected with organized crime. Such persons are not taken to a back room for interrogation, unless, of course, a lawyer is present. And police generally do not proceed with interrogation of the accused in the presence of his lawyer. Thus it is only with reference to persons not in a position to have their lawyers meet them at the precinct station that the question of admissibility of admissions and confessions arises. Should such persons be disadvantaged because of their indigency?

It was with reference to this moral and legal question that Congress passed the Criminal Justice Act of 1964. Provision was made in that act for counsel to represent the indigent from the time of the production of the accused before the U.S. commissioner. Since such an appearance may not be delayed for interrogation and since all persons, irrespective of their ability to pay, are entitled to a lawyer before the commissioner, the problem of secret interrogation should be eliminated.

A difficulty arises, however, with respect to the right to counsel where the crime charged is of a lesser degree. In addition to felonies, there are misdemeanors and so-called petty offenses. It is clear, at least under the Federal practice, that a man charged with a misdemeanor has a right to counsel under the Sixth Amendment. *Gideon* involved a felony; consequently, the case is not authority for the proposition that the Sixth, insofar as it would extend the right to counsel to misdemeanors, is applicable to the states. But many states already recognize their obligation in this regard, and one need not be a prophet to predict that another "*Gideon* case" will soon reach the Supreme Court in which the defendant, without benefit of counsel, has been convicted of a misdemeanor.

As for the petty offense, in neither the Federal nor the state courts does it seem that the right to counsel has been respected. Indeed, it is doubtful that the Sixth Amendment relates to such offenses. At common law, while there was a right to trial by jury with respect to felonies and misdemeanors, petty offenses were tried only by a judge. Since the Sixth Amendment right to a jury trial is limited to felonies and misdemeanors, the amendment's right to counsel presumably is likewise so

limited. Perhaps this limitation has a foundation in necessity as well as a foundation in law. For petty offenders are brought in in great numbers and their cases are quickly, if not immediately, disposed of. The assignment of counsel in each such case is not only impractical from a personnel standpoint but might also involve keeping the accused waiting longer for a lawyer than he would have to serve if found guilty.

Nevertheless, petty offenders are sometimes jailed for rather substantial periods. And since it is in the magistrate's court that the possibility of miscarriage of justice looms largest—miscarriages that often result from the ignorance or the outright corruption of the magistrate himself—some thought should be given to legal representation even in petty cases. Perhaps a public defender present in the magistrate's court at all times could be the answer to the problem.

The Unpopular Client

The right of the indigent to be represented in a criminal case at all critical stages is a subject of paramount importance in our administration of criminal justice today. But we should not ignore those cases in which the defendant is ready, able, and willing to pay for counsel but, because of his personal unpopularity or the cause he represents, is unable to obtain counsel. Too often the reputation of a criminal defendant rubs off on his counsel. This, of course, is an unspeakable situation about which very little is being done.

In England, "A barrister is always bound, except under very special circumstances, to accept, upon tender of a proper fee, a retainer in a case which merits the judgment of a court." The British public understands the compulsory nature of the barrister's work, and consequently his reputation is not confused with his client's. The tragedy in this country is that there is no tradition of compulsory service among our bar. As a matter of fact, Canon 31 of the American Bar Association specifically provides that "No lawyer is obliged to act either as advisor or advocate for every person who may wish to become his client. He has the right to decline employment." Thus there may be good reason for the American public to identify the lawyer with his client.

Perhaps the tradition of the bar in this country with reference to accepting retainers should approach the position taken by Mr. Justice Brandeis. A member of the bar approached him and said that he had been requested to represent a most unpopular client. He showed the justice many letters from friends suggesting strongly that he refuse the retainer, and then asked the justice's advice. "Before you reject this cause," Brandeis replied, "I suggest you consider resigning from the bar. On further consideration, you might even resign from the human race."

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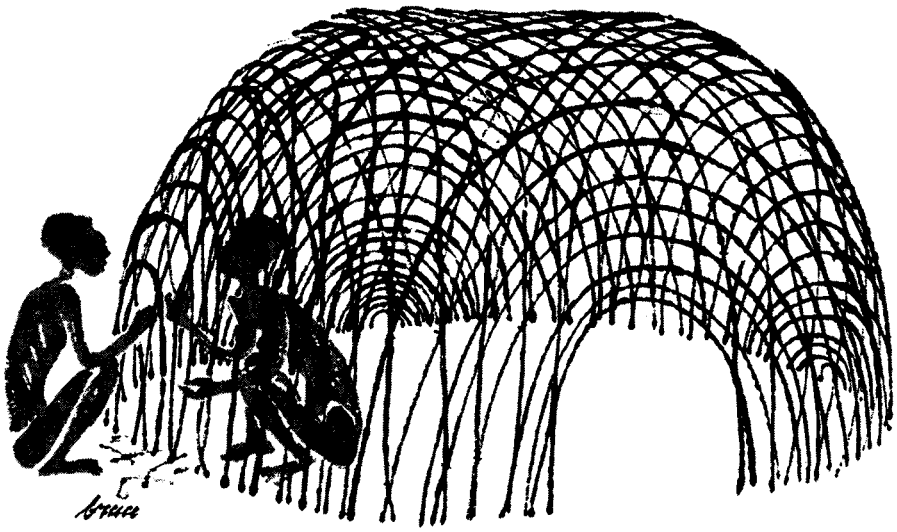

Rebellion Brews In Rhodesia

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

IN THE ELECTIONS held in Rhodesia on May 7, the Rhodesia Front, a party composed largely of poor-white farmers who favor white supremacy "forever," won all the legislative seats reserved for Europeans. The vote was seen in Rhodesia and abroad as an affirmative white response to the re-elected Prime Minister Ian Smith's bid for a mandate to seize independence from Britain by rebellion "if necessary," and to change the constitution by a two-thirds parliamentary vote in order to make even more disproportionate the ratio between European and African representatives in the legislature, now set at fifty for an estimated 185,000 whites to fifteen for four million Africans.

The more moderate, multiracial Rhodesia Party of David Butler—which under a different name was headed by Sir Roy Welensky until his defeat in a by-election last October—won ten of the African seats, with independents taking the other five. The new parliamentary opposition leader will be a Rhodesia Party African, Josiah Gondo. The two principal African parties in the territory, the Zimbabwe African National Union and the Peoples' Caretaker Council, have been banned and their leaders either imprisoned or detained. A majority of the Africans who are able to meet requirements for voting therefore boycotted the election.

THE SELF-GOVERNING British colony of Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia) is today at least as much a police state as South Africa. A "psychological politics" office headed by an emigrant from South Africa, Parliamentary Secretary for Information P. K. van der Byl, with the assistance of two fellow South Africans, Austin Ferraz and Ivor Benson, has in the past eighteen months distinguished itself by a number of terrorist tactics. Two "African" extremists seized by crowds on different dates in the act of bombing the homes of pro-British Africans last year were found to be white policemen in disguise—apparently seeking to create a pretext for the declaration of a "state of emergency." An "African nationalist" leaflet issued last October threatening death to chiefs who collaborated with the government was discovered to have been run off on the government printing press. The country was placed under martial law last August, with army and police barricades on major roads and a close check on all visitors to African "reserves." Businessmen who support opposition parties are threatened with economic reprisals.

More publicly, the Smith government has ignored rulings by the courts and the Constitutional Council, which has the ultimate right of appeal to the British Privy Council. The government is also currently threatening to change, by parliamentary vote, constitutional clauses whose amendment or repeal is supposed to be subject to referenda by the country's four racial groups (Africans, mulattoes, Europeans, and Asians) voting separately, and some of which require the approval of the British.

'The Dead and the Fled'

There are also signs that the ballot boxes were stuffed on May 7. Although the white population has dropped by about twenty-two per cent since 1958, according to the foreign consulates in Salisbury, the number of white registered voters has risen. Most whites vote on the "A" roll, for which there is a literacy test and an income requirement of $2,000 a year; this roll lists 95,587 names. Most nonwhites vote on the "B" roll, which requires a primary-school education and a $355-a-year income; since the average annual income of Africans in Rhodesia was only $283 in 1962 (it has declined since) and there are only two complete primary schools in the entire country, it is a wonder that there are as many as 2,256 Africans registered on the "A" roll and 10,623 on the "B." But the "A" roll should be diminishing in proportion to an economically motivated exodus that has been draining the country's white population at a rate of 1,500 a month for the past year and a half.

The first indication that the Front may have given its supporters voting cards in the names of "the dead and the fled" came in a plebiscite held on November 5 of last year to determine whether the electors wanted independence under the present gov-

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ernment and constitution. Fifty-five per cent of the electorate voted for the government, and six per cent voted against it; thirty-nine per cent —including most liberals and the three nonwhite groups—abstained from taking part in what they considered a referendum on treason.

In the May 7 elections, more than half of the "A"-roll electorate boycotted or abstained in the twenty-eight districts where there was a contest. The Front won 36.5 per cent of the vote for the contested seats. If this is representative of the popular feeling throughout Rhodesia, it means that about 1.5 per cent of the entire population now supports the administration or favors a rebellion against the Crown.

Not unnaturally, with a victory of fifty seats out of fifty, this was not a point that the government—and most reports on the election abroad —stressed, but in effect the May 7 election was a landslide victory for

boycott and abstention. What lay behind it?

There are a number of reasons why such a large percentage of "A"-roll voters stayed home instead of voting for the moderate Rhodesia Party in support of the constitution. The party was totally disorganized last fall when Sir Roy Welensky, after losing his parliamentary seat, refused to continue at its head. Its new young leader, David Butler, has had only a few months in which to put together the pieces—probably a motive for Smith's choosing to hold the election when he did, since the Rhodesia Party was unable to finance candidates in the twenty-two districts carried by the Front without opposition. In any case, the Rhodesia Party would not attract the sizable group of white Rhodesians who share Ian Smith's racial attitudes but are not prepared to cut Rhodesia's ties with Britain, nor could it rouse those businessmen and farmers who have already made up their minds to leave the country and are now in the process of evacuating their capital and selling their property before the Rhodesian pound becomes as shaky as the Katangan franc. Subscribing neither to Butler's moderate program nor Smith's extremist one, such voters could only express their disapproval by massive abstention.

MEANWHILE Ian Smith, a thin, angry figure with a whining oratorical style and a chilling, unsmiling face (one side of it is paralyzed by a Second World War wound), would obviously like the present situation to continue: he has all the advantages of white independence without the responsibilities. In his post-election press conference he said his government would seize independence "only if it looks as if we are going to lose the civilization we have built or if the Communists look like making a move to take over the country by backing the black extremists." Ostensibly this means that Smith probably would never have a pretext for rebellion; it does not necessarily mean that he will not rebel. The government has already reversed cautious measures to desegregate facilities, ease the rigid job ceiling, and modify agricultural land apportionment. Front spokesmen say that Rhodesia will park Africans not needed by industry in "Bantustans." As in South Africa, African "opinion" will be expressed only through the chiefs, who are approved and paid by the government. South Africa is glad to have Rhodesia as a white buffer state against the "black North," but it wants a legitimate government—it fears U.N. and British intervention in southern Africa. The Portuguese, Rhodesia's other friendly neighbors, are less concerned with legitimacy, but share Pretoria's view that rebellion might cause "interference."

Many white Rhodesians would see treason and rebellion as the last blow in a battle against the British class system—the first blow having been their original emigration to Rhodesia. Former Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister R. S. Garfield Todd says of the people who once elected him: "We brought out the scum of Europe, so long as their skins were a bit white, to fire engines and get drunk and keep the black man down." It is these unloved children of the depression who now find themselves fighting an outdated battle, in the wrong continent, at the wrong time.

British and American diplomats in Salisbury expect a rebellion sometime this year. It is likely to come, they think, after the Commonwealth prime ministers' talks in London (to which Rhodesia is no longer invited) and the close of Rhodesian tobacco sales—that is, any time from July on.

Ian Smith has been reluctant to reveal the details of what Britain has threatened to do if his government rebels. But the Association of Rhodesian Industries, the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and the Rhodesian Farmers Union, all vehemently opposed to rebellion, have published reports which show that the country's already depressed economy will collapse under British reprisals. Britain is expected to:

¶ Expel the rebel government from the Commonwealth and the sterling bloc.

¶ Freeze Rhodesia's assets in London (these are now low, following transfers to South African banks).

¶ Deny Rhodesia access to the London money market, which last year pre-financed eighty per cent of all tobacco farming in the country, and is Rhodesia's main source of industrial credit.

¶ Withdraw "Commonwealth preference," thus blocking the sale of sixty per cent of the country's main export, tobacco.

¶ Invoke the Trading with the Enemy Act, forbidding all commerce with Rhodesia, including London-Salisbury air services.

¶ Ask the United States and Canada, which buy most of the rest of Rhodesia's exports, and other friendly countries to emulate Britain's sanctions.

All three British political parties favor an all-races conference and a new constitution, leading to eventual African independence. Britain, committed militarily from Borneo to British Guiana, from Aden to Swaziland, and already calling up reserves, is reluctant to promise the military intervention in Rhodesia that the other Afro-Asian Commonwealth countries hope for. Official spokesmen say Britain would intervene militarily in Rhodesia if its Rhodesia-born governor, Sir Humphrey

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Gibbs, asked for help, or if British lives were in danger. Gibbs has said he will "act constitutionally," which means that this normally ceremonial figure will try to assert his constitutional command of the armed forces and will seek to arrest the cabinet ministers and other rebels. But many, perhaps most, police and army officers would join the rebellion.

AFRICAN political leaders, by weakening their own positions, have contributed to the Rhodesian crisis. In 1961, Joshua Nkomo, who had agreed to support the constitution, boycotted the election, thus angering Britain—his most powerful friend—and losing parliamentary immunity (and the leadership of the opposition) for himself and fourteen others. He supported the breakup of the Central African Federation, depriving Britain of its leverage in Rhodesia and the Rhodesian Africans of the protection of belonging to a tri-state group of which two are under independent African control. Nkomo's party split in 1964; he re-emerged as leader of the segment with the broadest popular base but the least intellectual support. Most of his lieutenants back the Reverend Ndabaninghi Sithole. Sithole is in jail; Nkomo is being detained in a remote camp. If Rhodesia rebels against Britain, the African leaders would attempt to form an exile government. The Organization of African Unity has said that it will recognize this body only if it includes both Nkomo's and Sithole's parties.

Observers anticipate a dialogue this summer, perhaps in London, between Smith and British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, followed by a renewed deadlock and then rebellion. Economic collapse, violent African resistance, and harsh repression are every Salisbury consul's guess as to what will follow. The crisis would certainly go to the Security Council if Smith rebels; indeed, British U.N. Ambassador Lord Caradon, the former Hugh Foot, favors Britain itself taking it there. If by some miracle the rebellion is averted, the Front will, in any case, ride roughshod over the constitution and make a new South Africa north of the Limpopo. But at the present rate of exodus, there will be no white Rhodesia left by 1980.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Great and Lonely Man

LUIGI BARZINI

ALCIDE DE GASPERI, Italy's postwar premier, has been dead for more than ten years. For many Italians he is a half-forgotten figure in the receding past. The younger Christian Democrats who impatiently deposed him from the government in the last bitter months of his life smile condescendingly at his ideas—when they think of them at all—as unsophisticated, archaic, and dangerous; many of his difficult decisions they consider the stubborn caprices of a sick old man who had lived too long in isolation, and his intuitions, beliefs, dreams, and fears the *idées fixes* of his generation.

At the same time, a reappraisal of his place in history and of his country's debt to him has been quietly going on. More and more Italians admire him. Politicians, journalists, and students reread his speeches and study his political ideas. They see that dangers he struggled to avoid have become immediate: men in his party he feared to entrust with the economic and social progress of the country are now in charge; the policies he fought as abstract and possibly perilous for Italy's new-won liberty are the official program of the present government coalition.

His stature has been demonstrated and enhanced by the success of *De Gasperi, uomo solo,* written by his eldest daughter, Maria Romana De Gasperi Catti, who was his secretary for a few years after the war and has exclusive access to all his private papers. Her book is a portrait of the man rather than of the statesman. It contains no revelations about the treachery of her father's enemies and no indiscreet disclosures about anyone's private life. "As I discovered more and more intimate notes among his papers," Signora Catti writes in her foreword, "I was more and more afraid of revealing things his scruples would have kept secret." The book came out a year ago without fanfare. And yet it sold out after a week or two of its publication, has been reprinted several times since, and is solidly established among the best sellers of the present season. Obviously, many Italians who did not pay much attention to De Gasperi during his lifetime are now realizing that he was a great man.

TO ITALIANS, Mussolini *looked* like a great man. De Gasperi looked like an overworked, underpaid, and worried scholar from some part of Central Europe, which is what he was, for he was born in 1881, a subject of the Austrian emperor, in the Italian-speaking southern Tirol. He had been a deputy in the Austrian parliament before the First World War and a leader of the irredentist movement. After the Versailles Treaty and Trento's return to Italy, he became an Italian deputy and the last secretary of the Partito

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Popolare Italiano, the forerunner of the Christian Democratic Party. The party was, of course, crushed by the Fascists, and De Gasperi himself was imprisoned in 1928 for a year and a half. At the instigation of the Vatican he was released and worked for the remaining years of the Fascist dictatorship as an $80-a-month employee of the Vatican Library.

To Italians, Mussolini also *sounded* like a great man. De Gasperi spoke monotonously, rapidly, without trying for effect, in the thick accents of his native mountains. "He was constantly astounded by the glib eloquence of Italian speakers from the central and southern provinces," his daughter writes. "He himself disregarded the national taste for florid and ornate oratory; his budget speeches to the chamber were studded with interminable cold statistics, which he mistook when reading, often confusing millions with billions and vice versa. He corrected himself, shuffled through his papers looking for a particular note, while tension mounted in the silent assembly. Finally he would say: 'Oh, well, I don't seem to be able to find what I was looking for. Never mind. Let us proceed.'" His delivery was usually so offhand that few realized at first that his words conveyed the fruit of a lifetime of experience, study, meditation, and suffering, illuminated by a vigorous intelligence, political talent, and an unusually deep religious conscience. There were rare moments, however, when these great qualities broke through his personal modesty, almost in spite of himself, and when he was suddenly transformed, looking taller, imperious, sometimes almost frightening, and speaking with clarity and eloquence.

De Gasperi was, as his daughter says, a man alone. He misunderstood the majority of his colleagues and was misunderstood by them. He got along better with some of the old veterans from the Partito Popolare who had fought Fascism at his side, like the priest Don Sturzo, the party's founder. With Luigi Einaudi and Carlo Sforza he shared nineteenth-century liberal ideals and the sobering knowledge that politics can perform no miracles.

His younger followers had matured their doctrines in the sheltered vacuum of Catholic organizations during the years of Mussolini's dictatorship. They had never tackled a real problem. They had, as De Gasperi said, "the automatic machine conception of politics: you put in a new law and out comes a new world." These men had unconsciously adopted from their Fascist education, not Fascism itself, but a mechanical, quasi-totalitarian, twentieth-century conception of politics. De Gasperi's goal was liberty: liberty was to be defended at the risk of life; problems were to be solved under liberty or not at all, because problems solved by compulsion were never really solved. The younger men's goal was power.

De Gasperi's political Catholicism, or the sum of beliefs he deduced from his faith, differed also from that of his Christian Democratic colleagues. He was, in a sense, a foreign Catholic. His province, under Austrian rule, had not been involved in the tortured polemics that had followed the Risorgimento in Italy. After the occupation of Rome by the Italian Army in 1870 and the end of the Papal States, members of the Curia and most Italian Catholic leaders ridiculed the state, opposed liberal reforms, and dreamed of an impossible restoration of some sort of Papal supremacy. In 1946, when the Christian Democrats, using the Church's organizations as an electoral machine, proved themselves to be the leading party of Italy, this old enmity was still alive.

De Gasperi had a totally different concept of the state and of patriotism. His love of country was of the kind that usually flourishes in border countries, where one's people live side by side with foreigners. (This is one reason why he got along so well with Adenauer and Schuman and could build with them the foundations of a united Europe: all three were borderland patriots and all spoke German.) His true fatherland, like that of most minority men, was the language he spoke and his religious faith. His love of country, of liberty, and of God was inextricably mingled until the end. Was not De Gasperi's church Roman? Had not Christ died for liberty? His daughter writes that this is what he believed: "Christ never kneeled in front of the mighty. He died to leave his heirs a religion which would respect and defend all the liberties of man. . . . Martyrs died for their faith . . . but also for their future fatherland, which would come into being for their descendants, born of the martyrs' sacrifices for liberty of thought, of action, of speech, for a better social justice and for a deeper Christian brotherhood."

He had difficulty reconciling this faith with the fact that the Church is never definitely committed to one political ideology: it seeks a *modus vivendi* with whatever régime is in power. Its duty, as it sees it, is to defend its own liberty, its survival, and its prosperity, obeying St. Paul's principle of being all things to all men. The consequences of this concept, which sooner or later worry all good Catholics who try to be good citizens, haunted De Gasperi all his life. It tortured him when the Holy See signed the Lateran Treaty and a concordat with Fascist Italy in 1929. His daughter quotes from letters he wrote to a friendly priest in Trento at that time:

"Catholics react to the news in different ways. The old Popolari are afraid the Church will compromise itself with Fascism. The old champions of temporal power are exultant. . . . I had to console a few friends. . . . The fact that, in such transactions, those who have been most loyal are sacrificed is not new or . . . illogical. When Pius VII signed a concordat with Bonaparte, a libertine and a blasphemous general created by the revolution, did not Catholic legitimists suffer exile or worse? And when Leo XIII made peace with Bismarck, did he not do it over the head of Windthorst and the German bishops who had suffered persecution?" He could have cited Leo XIII's *Ralliement* to the atheistic, anti-clerical, Masonic Third Republic over the head of Catholic monarchists, and other similar alliances.

The Church did in fact strengthen the Fascist régime. De Gasperi accepted with discipline the humiliation of the Catholic anti-Fascists at the time, but later, when he was leader of the Christian Democrats

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and premier of the republic, he did not forget. He surrounded himself with those who would support him in the event of a clash with the Vatican. He wanted to be sure that no intervention from above would deflect him from the path he had followed all his life and from the ideas he believed were vital for the welfare of the Italian people. "His fear," explains his daughter, "was that the Holy See, by interfering with men and political decisions in Italy, would provoke a new wave of anti-clericalism."

At one point, the Vatican secretariat of state advised the Christian Democrats to ally themselves with the right-wing parties—the Monarchists and the Neo-Fascists—in Roman municipal elections to prevent the Communists and their Socialist allies from taking over the city administration. This De Gasperi refused to do. But he also feared the day when the Vatican would find it advisable to promote a premature alliance of the Christian Democrats with the left-wing parties. He thought Italian Socialists, with their doctrinaire and apocalyptic traditions, could be as dangerous for liberty as the rightists unless they changed their nature and their ideas. "Tyranny from below is as fatal as tyranny from above," he once wrote. "He always remembered," his daughter writes, "what Pietro Nenni told him once, years before, speaking of Togliatti: 'This time I back the winning horse.' "

WHAT did De Gasperi hope for? He felt that no solution to Italy's problems could be reached by Italy alone. He told a friend: "Illiteracy, poverty, political immaturity, industrial backwardness, the Communist menace, unemployment, the decay of the state, the Mezzogiorno—only a united Europe will help us rid ourselves of these terrible problems. . . . There is no other way." He considered all he did as merely preparation for his final goal: the unification of Europe.

On what basis did he believe that Europe should be united? A few months before his death, at the European Parliamentary Conference held in Paris in April, 1954, "he traced in the air, with wide gestures, the architecture of the new Europe," his daughter writes. "The harmony of the various trends, the liberal concept of the organization and the use of political power, and the socialist idea of workers' solidarity would not be sufficient by themselves. . . ." This harmony could come to fruition, he said, only because of "the common European heritage . . . that set a common ethic which exalts the image and responsibility of the human person . . . with its respect for the body of law inherited from the ancients, with its cult of beauty refined through the centuries, with its craving for truth and justice sharpened by the millennial experience." This, for De Gasperi, was "Christianism." The day before he died, after having suffered a series of heart attacks, he telephoned his successor, Mario Scelba, at Brussels in a last desperate effort to save the European Defense Community, and its imminent collapse was believed to have hastened his own.

His greatest moment came in June, 1954, at a congress of Christian Democrats at the San Carlo Opera

House in Naples, two months before his death. His enemies within the party had taken advantage of an electoral defeat to oust him from the premiership. Now, as only he and a few intimates knew, he was dying of an incurable sclerosis of the kidneys. He was so weak he could barely walk. In bed he wrote the speech that was to make that party congress memorable. He meant it to be an apologia, a warning to his successors, and a definition of the goals of a Catholic party worthy of its name. He meant it to be the quintessence of the political and religious faith that had sustained him throughout his life.

It turned out to be a very long manuscript. His doctor tried to prevent him from going to Naples, then from reading the speech himself, then asked him to cut it drastically. "There is not one comma I can do without," De Gasperi replied. The only limitation he would accept was to speak sitting down: his legs could not support him anyway. He was given injections to stimulate his heart and was practically carried to the speaker's stand. His wife and daughters wept as they watched him from a box. He spoke with a fading voice that grew weaker and weaker. His brow was covered with cold sweat. But his eyes were blazing and his words were vigorous, his arguments logical and clear.

Like a good father about to die, De Gasperi was tortured by the hope of foreseeing and forestalling all the difficulties that might befall his heirs in years to come. He must make them understand all that he had learned as a young organizer in the Trentino, as a deputy in Vienna—and later in Rome, as an imprisoned anti-Fascist and as a political refugee in the Vatican Library, and, finally, as the leader of Italy for eight years.

He knew that the younger men, who were to take control of the party at that very congress, were impatient: they wanted quick and revolutionary solutions to all problems. He knew they were inexperienced, eager to experiment with any formula, no matter how subversive and radical; and greedy for power, even if this greed would endanger the modest and hard-won prosperity of the Italians. He knew they did not care for old-fashioned liberty as much as he and his contemporaries did. An important part of this last speech was devoted to the dangers of a premature alliance with the Nenni Socialists:

"We can collaborate with the Socialist Party only if it accepts democracy, which is the régime of liberty, against reaction. The Communist régime is reactionary. . . . What assurance does Nenni give us that he will collaborate with us in the defense of liberty? Of all the European Socialists he is the only one on the other side of the barricade."

De Gasperi died in Sella di Valsugana, in his villa among his native mountains. At the funeral, President Luigi Einaudi exclaimed to Signora De Gasperi: "Signora, what you have lost!" De Gasperi's daughter adds: " 'What we have all lost!' all the bowed faces in front of the family pew seemed to say. 'What we have all lost!' "

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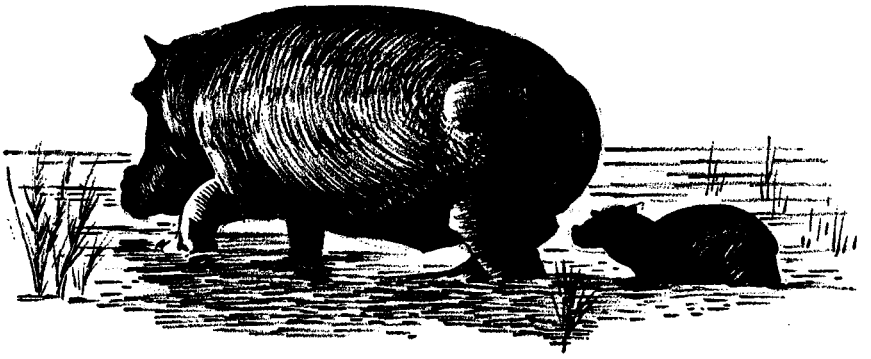

The Hippos

JOHN NAGENDA

THE HIPPOPOTAMUSES. Far away to my right, as I sit facing the river, they cluster odiously together like a reef, without movement. Then one moves, showing more of his body on the surface, and suddenly they look like huge blobs of fat there in the water, very hard and singed.

Nearer to me, just beneath where I sit, there is a sudden noise and I look down. In its lower notes it is not unlike the noise of some tremendous cow; in its upper ones it comes nearer to the hoot of a train. I see things moving in the water, barely discernible lengths of dark things floating. A sudden snort, a kind of grunt, and a jet of water shoots into the air, straight and brief. Hippo. A section of head shows above the water, hideously pink, like burnt flesh, and deceptively vulnerable. And there is another head and another, and another; many heads. The whole place is seething with hippo, a fascinatingly repulsive sight. You imagine flinging yourself into the water in an inevitable sacrifice.

Then, as if by a signal, all the hippos start making noise. It is a grunting noise made far down a fat, thick throat. But also at its end it is a kind of snort. As I listen it seems to me that this noise is a lazy, weary ho-ho-ho against some tedious joke. It is as if the water, one of the hippos, or anything had made a crack well known to the hippos, and they, out of bored politeness, had made noises in laughter, ho-ho-ho, dragging at the ends of each grunt. We have heard that one before, they say, but hou-hou-hou. My grandfather used to make such a noise many times, in smaller manlike dimensions. Perhaps they are not as stupid as they seem.

Now one of them, in a wild, energetic gambol, throws himself clear of the water and then sinks head first. For one supremely revolting moment the water has swallowed all but his huge, rounded, singed-looking, comic bottom. Another hippo goes hou-hou-hou.

IT IS an evening of many muted sounds. In the trees the birds are making drowsy last efforts at chirruping, but obviously their hearts are elsewhere. There is the slow chug-chug of the motor ferry blown over the water, but you only imagine the sound of water swirling away from its bow. Now there is the quicker pant of a motor launch, and the launch itself can soon be seen, white and slick, exulting skittishly over the river. Before long there is the croak of the frogs, not so muted. And from time to time, without warning, there is the snort of the hippo, and if you focus quickly in the direction from which the noise comes, you see a small arm of water rise above the surrounding placidity and fall quickly back.

Across the river, the elephants come down to the river's edge to drink. They are large, the elephants, but seen from a distance they walk as if blown forward by some wind, or again as if creeping toward something, to surprise. It seems as if they are made to walk from outside themselves and have no say in the matter.

One of them creeps, sidles, is blown up to another, who doesn't turn to look but immediately starts creeping, sidling, being blown too. Together they move forward; especially at this distance you can imagine their silence. Yet they are so huge. It is beautiful and reassuring to imagine that they are lovers, walking together, warm in each other's company. It makes for a world without end, for a continuity, for the quick delight found suddenly in the most unexpected places. Earlier today, in broad daylight, I saw an old elephant and a young, a much bigger and a much smaller, standing by the main building of the hotel, drinking from a barrel. Self-consciously I fetched my camera and took two snaps. I thought to myself, If these snaps are any good, I will enlarge them and frame them and call them "Mother and Child." The mother watched me all the time without seeming to, with a comically small eye in her huge head.

When the photographs have been printed I shall probably be back in the city, looking at bright chrome and sparkling, almost invisible windows, and cleanliness everywhere, and perfumed, self-assured young women walking, and everything vibrating with the roar of cities and progress. Will there be even a lingering whiff of this other world so far away?

Some of the stones here are incredible, so perfectly round and smooth. I picked up a couple and washed them and put them into my suitcase. The river has risen a good deal recently. Below me are trees up to their armpits in water, their twigs gaunt without any more leaves. They are dead but watchful, as if they are their own shrouds. And dead grass is carried on the tide across my view, from left to right; occasionally a whole bush, silently, without fuss. I think to myself, There could be snakes on those

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trees, snakes that climbed up with the water. And in spite of myself I shudder all through at the thought.

Earlier there was a strong wind, a gale almost, in which I luxuriated after the heat through which I had driven to this place. It tore at my shirt and played, even, with my hair, and tickled the vast curtains into great billows of laughter. But now it has died down to a mere occasional rustle. Are there lower rustlings and murmurings under the evening, unheard total sounds of the whole of our lives? It is feasible to sense them now.

It is getting darker and darker, and there are huge splashes, no longer visible, of hippo diving. I go into my hotel room, almost overcome with my awareness of the identity I feel with everything, switch on the light, and begin to think about a bath. I start drawing the curtains. The last two of them I have to draw over a protruding electric light with a green cord leading from the socket. I draw the first one. As I draw the second something falls down with a small but solid sound. Quickly I look. It is green and I immediately think of the electric wire. But instinctively I know I am wrong. I look again. It is a snake. For a fascinated moment we stare at each other, both too surprised to move. Then this thing from Eden comes back, very swiftly, and at once we are in a frenzy of movement. I leap away and snatch at a shoe. But I can't throw it because behind where the snake has fallen on the wide ledge there is a wall-length mirror. We are both hysterical, the snake and I. I am trembling; my whole body is in an unreasonable panic and confusion. As for the snake, its raised head, made double by the mirror behind it, is filled with a wild doubt on how to climb up the smooth mirror and be gone. I can't help feeling, How long are we going to be like this? Who is going to make the first move? I see my face in the mirror and wish that I could laugh. The whole thing is ludicrous but grim. I have failed before now to kill even a big beetle, because it would squash or crunch and make me sick. And yet I will have to attain heroic heights and kill this snake. Also, what if after this one there is a whole family of them peering down on me and their relative?

The whole earlier scene has changed. Suddenly the hippos, the elephants, all the sounds outside—it is a sinister plot in which men are surrounded. How can it all have seemed beautiful and full of peace?

The snake's head is taut against the mirror. Then from outside the room I hear the sound of a man walking—I rush out and bring him back with me and mercifully the snake has not moved. But what's this? The fellow seems to be as frightened by the snake as I am. So he rushes out and returns with a friend, and now there are the three of us against the single green snake, and all it has is its sharply etched silhouette in the mirror, and the deep unreasoning fear we have of it from the days of Adam. I can put the shoe down now and supervise operations.

One of the men moves in with a broom and quickly presses the snake's head against the wall. For a swift, sad moment, the snake's tail flails out beyond the broom and then the other man is at it, hitting it with a hatred that already seems completely out of place. When the snake is half dead, they carry it out on the verandah and there finish it off. I have to tell them to stop when the once taut, rounded shape is finally flat, and the cement is stained with its life. I ask them to throw it away and give them a shilling each.

In the room again, it seems strange that the mirror has no record of the proud, confused head that was there such a short while ago. Or of the flurry of movement that made a rag of that shape. What a final thing it is that we cannot bring back things which have gone!

It is useless now to expect to be part of the earlier feeling of beauty, and I must go to sleep. I take a final look out in the gathering moonlight which has frozen all movement, and in which the river is gray and made of steel. Everything is being drawn inwards, shrinking into sleep. All the danger has passed. Occasionally there is a heavy, frozen splash as some stubborn hippo takes another dive into the sleeping river. And for me there is an empty space, a sudden gap, of something gone, which I must try and cover over with sleep.

The Clown

Say that the clown became more broken-hearted
Than he should and yet held on until the laughter ended—
To the happiest man self-righteously departed

The best things and the right thing can happen now:
He leaves his victim mangled in the tent,
His emotions do not need that figurehead upon their prow.

The great white light, the open sea, lie full ahead.
How good it is to leave the working-shop of laughter
To one so versed in what it is to be deserted.

And yet the voyage keeps harking to the nest
His body makes, like a ship that dreads its skeleton
Lying somewhere breached upon the Islands of the Blest.

We would go back to the clown if we were bolder
Before he quite unravels his blood-buttons to the bone
And, shy as a nascent Pierrot, peer from his shoulder,

Figure our love, a little prow in his behalf,
Whispering, as he lies dying and exhausted there,
Our sailor's chastened joy if he would rise and make us laugh.

—Charles Edward Eaton

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 127

by HENRY ALLEN

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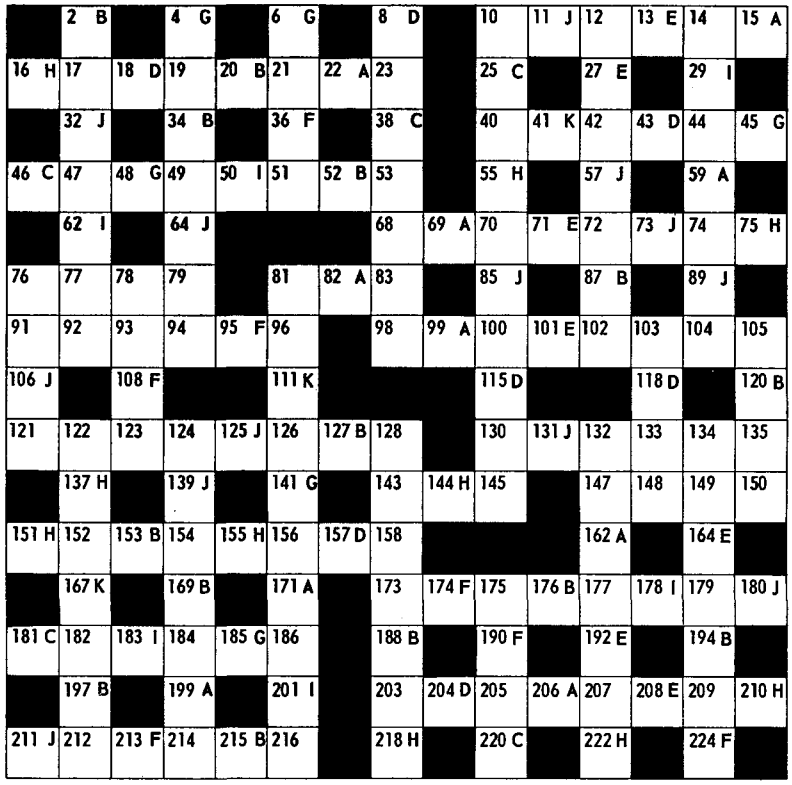
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
22 99 171 82 69 15 206 199 59 162 A portent to an Oriental peasant (6,4).

B
197 52 87 188 153 127 176 120 169 215 2 34 20 194 A Communist enemy one did not expect (8,3,3).

C
38 25 181 220 46 A former Under Secretary of the Treasury.

D
115 43 157 8 118 204 18 "_____ for a bribe." Gray, "Sketch of his own Character" (3,4).

E
192 164 71 27 101 13 208 Painting technique with a thick application of pigment.

F
224 36 95 213 190 174 108 More run-down looking.

G
185 4 141 6 45 48 Bath sponge.

H
222 16 210 75 155 151 55 218 137 144 Made one less afraid (5,1,4).

I
183 62 50 178 29 201 Name of Robin Hood's maid.

J
85 11 106 57 73 32 89 64 211 139 125 131 180 Historically inaccurate but often depicted vessel in illustrations to Virgil's famous epic (6,7).

K
167 41 111 An island in the Caroline group.

ACROSS

10. Not harsh with an officer leaving.
16. Former bailiwick of the Acrostician, figuratively (3,5).
40. This city is not unconscious, despite its end.
46. Follower who's centrally present.
68. Vehicle for the Acrostician.
76. The kind of tree to droop and lament.
81. The Moslem may feel ill.
91. Tube components nod in the rough sea.
98. Idiocy? Stupidity!
121. Kind of steel that may be hot in spirit.
130. A poem is something to subject one to.
143. Kind of grampus in the sailor cabins.
147. Put the blame with the person using it.
151. Demanded and sought after (5,3).
173. It may be a lame item around six or so (4,4).
181. You're using a loom, are you, to make a brass ornament?
203. Common presenters led by a fish! (2-6).
211. Verily let Ned die.

DOWN

2. Scorn? Pluto and I have it.
4. Uncover before it is presented.
6. Most of 4 down costs nothing.
8. This will have something to do with the painter.
10. Became frenzied when a rant was swallowed (3,7).
12. An engine fairing contains its own cell.
14. An LST? So be it. One 76 acrosses.
76. Garment for the dog's breath?
78. This fellow may be standard.
81. Deep as a sound prof. (2,8).
103. It's high! No, no!
105. Organs for affirmatives.
122. It's not a difficult route for any, sure enough (4,3).
124. Does the poem err about the period of the character in Word J? (3-4).
128. Old World rodents on ice finally.
132. Kind of marshes of 76 across and tin.
134. Arithmetic scholars in their seasons.
175. Helps when the noise is removed from 2 down.

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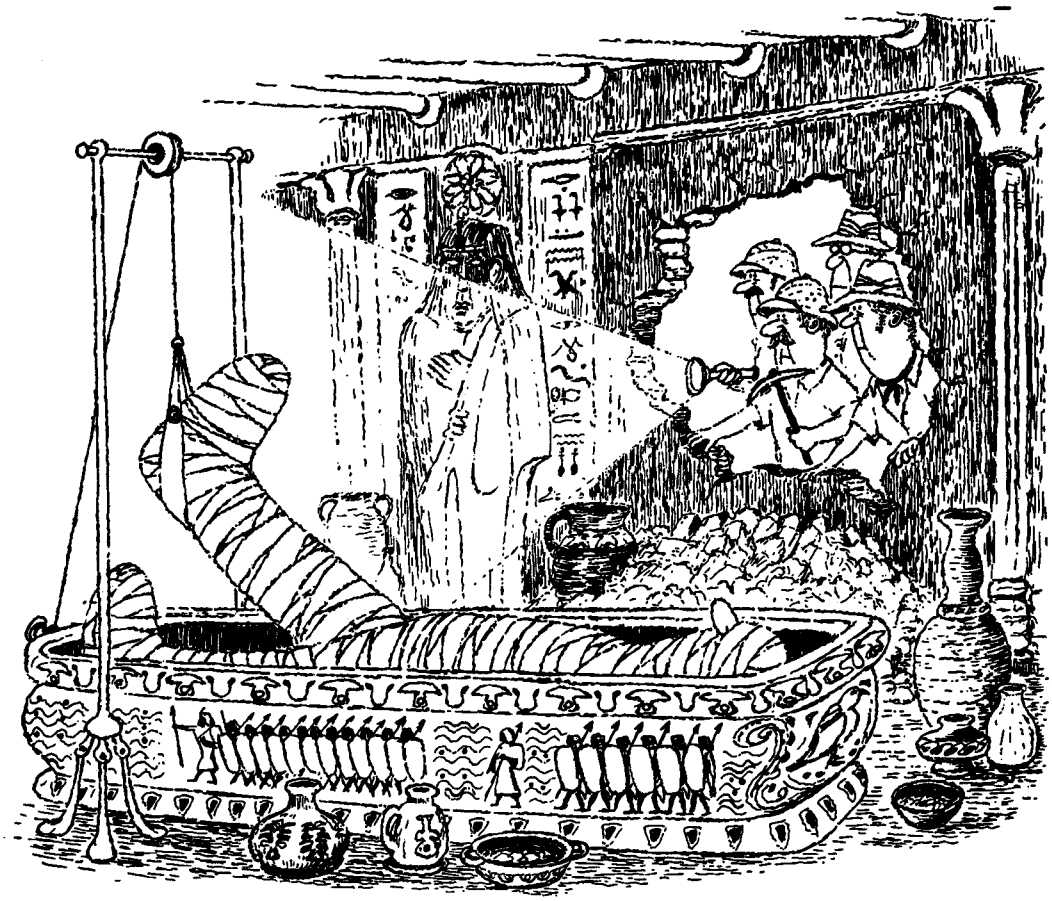

Egyptology by Fernando Krahn

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At the Metropolitan: Good History, Indifferent Art

JAY JACOBS

With the postwar emergence of American painting as the dominant force in world art, a thorough re-examination of the American art of the past was only to be expected. America in general has tended increasingly to analyze the soil from which its great flowering sprang; and it is only natural that American art, having arrived in no uncertain terms, now pauses to look back in wonder on its heritage, such as it may be.

The Metropolitan Museum's current exhibition, "Three Centuries of American Painting," constitutes about as comprehensive a survey as anyone could desire. Upwards of five hundred pictures, ranging in time from 1670 to 1962, are a lot to take, even in small doses, and especially when the canvases of intrinsic interest are necessarily few.

Until just recently, the salient characteristic of American painting has been a continuing and somewhat poignant quaintness that began with the aesthetic deracination of the colonial journeyman artist, who tried with indifferent success to work within a tradition he knew chiefly by hearsay, and that later became symptomatic of a reaction against the aesthetic canons laid down by Europe. Even in the portraits by the most accomplished and elegant native painter of the colonial era, John Singleton Copley, one finds a good deal of clumsiness, including a tendency to endow the sitters with a sort of hydrocephalism that was endemic in the work of the primitives, itinerants, and signpainters-qua-portraitists of the pre-Revolutionary era. And while quaintness—or clumsiness, if you will—of this sort can be winning on occasion, it can also be ludicrous (e.g., in a portrait by William W. Boardman of a mother and child, the artist's attempt to give form to the lower part of the mother's face results in nothing more convincing than an advanced case of five o'clock shadow), and it becomes cloying indeed over a period as long as three centuries—or spread out over what seem to be acres of wall space.

In view of all this, it is no easy job to make a comprehensive assessment of "Three Centuries of American Painting." As art history and historical documentation, its value is inestimable. It is also a peerless record of how the continent looked in its unspoiled state, and of the faces of those early Americans who were rich enough or respected enough to have their portraits painted. But to try to examine it critically and exhaustively is to run the risk of losing one's sense of proportion altogether. There is so much lackluster work in the show—at least when measured against the great contemporaneous art of Europe—that some rather poor pictures, running in slow company, probably look better than they otherwise would, while an occasional fine piece may easily be smothered under the general blanketing mediocrity. My own tactic was to skim the show as rapidly as possible, hoping thereby to avoid an absolutely numbing saturation, and to bypass the galleries devoted to twentieth-century art, since they would only have duplicated much of the sadly dated-looking work I have been seeing elsewhere lately. (With the notable exception of the works of Stuart Davis, this unfortunate susceptibility to datedness mars much that was produced in this country between the 1913 Armory Show and the advent of abstract expressionism.) Now, having delivered myself of a rather sweeping disclaimer, I'll go on to mention a few of the canvases in the show that seem to me to be particularly worthy of notice.

Among the portraits, two of the most sumptuous, companion pictures of Peter Beckford and his wife, may, I suppose, be considered out of the running, since the painter, Benjamin West, was living the life of the expatriate artist in London when they were done in 1797. I was also struck by two of Mather Brown's vigorous, somewhat impressionistic pieces ("Lady with a Dog" and a splendid portrait of Thomas Jefferson), by Copley's "Samuel Verplanck," and by Thomas Sully's bravura if somewhat spotty handling of his portrait of a Mrs. Katherine Matthews, painted in 1813. A marvelously truculent portrait of Andrew Jackson—to which the perfunctory attention paid to everything but the general's head lends an interesting but deceptive note of modernity—struck me as first-rate, too. I was particularly impressed, though, by Gilbert Stuart. There is absolutely none of the wooden-Indian stiffness of his better-known Washington portraits in "Joseph Anthony, Jr." and "General Horatio Gates." In these an uncharactertisic,

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slightly blurred treatment of the lips gives an eerie, almost audible lifelikeness.

Naturally enough, a good deal of the exhibition is devoted to landscapists. Of these, Thomas Cole's "The Oxbow," a sweeping, limpid view of the Connecticut River just after a thunderstorm, and his broccoli-dense "View on the Catskill, Early Autumn," are exceptionally fine, as is a scintillating, slightly Monetesque "Merced River" by Alfred Bierstadt, whose work is again being taken seriously after years of neglect. An old favorite of mine, George Inness's gilded "Peace and Plenty," still holds up well, although by rights it should be pure corn; and Martin Johnson Head's "Thunderstorm, Narragansett Bay," is as sleek and ominously handsome as a black racer. And then, of course, there is Thomas Eakins's "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull," in which the artist not only surpassed himself but just about everyone else—to my mind the most stunning single canvas this country has produced.

Of the still lifes in the show, only those by the so-called "magic realist" John Frederick Peto (who is usually given a back seat in favor of the less cerebral William Harnett) seemed especially relevant to me, and I am quite ready to admit that this may be an entirely spurious relevance occasioned by superficial resemblances between his subject matter—cards, clippings, photographs, tickets, etc.—and the scrounged-together working materials of today's assemblagistes.

In sum, it looks as though any meaningful history of American art began just yesterday—and whatever intrinsic merit American art may have will be found in the future, not in the past.

●

The collection is catalogued in a series of handsome volumes illustrated with black and white plates. *American Sculpture* is by Albert TenEyck Gardner; the three-volume *American Paintings* is by Mr. Gardner and Stuart P. Feld; *American Painting in the Twentieth Century* is by Henry Geldzahler; the authors are members of the museum staff and the books are published by the New York Graphic Society at $7.50 each.

BOOKS

The Unbuttoned Titan

DANIEL AARON

DREISER, by W. A. Swanberg. *Scribner's. $10.*

Any truthful biographer, Henry Adams once observed, is a murderer. He "must always define the hero's limitations, which is fatal to our imaginary ideal." What the biographer-assassin often forgets is that "Murder is so easy, and art is so long."

Mr. Swanberg, a master of evisceration, is one of Adams's relentless truth-tellers. No previous biographer has written so comprehensively about Dreiser's crowded and messy life. No one has sifted so conscientiously or so skillfully the enormous heaps of information and misinformation piled up by Dreiser's friends and enemies, and by Dreiser himself. Not only did Dreiser write exhaustively and sometimes untruthfully about his family, friends, publishers, earnings, and love affairs, he was also engaged for many years and with many people in a complicated correspondence in which the public and private Dreiser were often very much at odds. And because he was a secretive man with a penchant for duplicity, the task of charting the twists and turns of his life, of tracing his tergiversations, of merely arranging in chronological order the score or more of women he seduced and bullied and loved, must have been formidable. Before Swanberg could complete his massive report, he had to plow through a mountain of published and unpublished material and to track down and to interview all the living "witnesses" (as he calls them) who knew Dreiser casually or intimately between 1906 and his death in 1945.

Swanberg conceives of himself as merely a "biographer," determined to set the facts straight and doing so with commendable skill and economy. But in fact he is very much the prosecuting attorney arraigning a prisoner, filling in the details, tripping up the culprit in his lies, exposing his inconsistencies, and introducing material that others—more concerned with Dreiser the writer than with Dreiser the man—might have overlooked or dismissed as irrelevant, immaterial, and incompetent.

FOR THE YEARS of Dreiser's adolescence and young manhood, Swanberg mainly summarizes Dreiser's untidy but fascinating autobiographical writings, noting discrepancies between facts and fiction. But as he describes and analyzes Dreiser's career as journalist, free-lancer, and editor, his struggles and humiliations, his affairs with a never-ending procession of women, his incapacity for lasting friendships, his terror of poverty, and his ruthlessness, Swanberg's covert distaste for his "hero" becomes increasingly apparent. He is certainly not the first to declare Dreiser a philistine, a half-educated and ungrammatical writer, an asinine political thinker, a faddist, a boor. Nor is he blind to Dreiser's impulsive decencies. He quotes with obvious approval the measured tribute of H. L. Mencken (composed for Dreiser's memorial service but never read) in which Dreiser's wisest counselor summarized him as "a man of large originality, of profound feeling, and of unshakeable courage."

Nevertheless, in the more than five hundred pages of this biography, Dreiser's originality, feeling, and courage figure less significantly than his less admirable qualities. Much as he admired his friend, Mencken saw him as a superstitious Indiana peasant "with an incurable antipathy to the *mot juste*" and "an insatiable appetite for the obviously not true." Swanberg convincingly documents this judgment, but, unrestrained by friendship or affection and alternately fascinated and disgusted

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by the antics of his rhinoceros, he annihilates him simply by telling the truth—quoting from Dreiser's letters, transmitting the opinions of his mistresses, friends, and business associates. The "great writer," without his authorial clothing, is often ridiculous and repellent. He talks baby talk. He surrounds himself with women who double as bedmates and secretaries, who serve as surrogate mothers and correct the spelling and bad grammar in his manuscripts. He is egocentric, dull, gluttonous, compulsive, furtive, and parsimonious. He is "always entangled in intrigue and deceit." Filled with paranoid suspicions of the Roman Catholic Church, Jews, and his best friends, he solaces himself with the prognostications of quacks, the prophetic appearances of hunchbacks and kindly old Jews—always signals of some impending change. His opinions shift with his fortunes, but whether he speaks in the voice of the Spencerian individualist or the *Izvestia* editorialist, usually they are half-baked and based upon half-digested and erroneous information.

To return to Adams's image of the biographer as murderer, it should be said that biographical killing is not necessarily intentional or (given sufficient vitality of the subject) easy. The murderer may admire his victim and be touched by his power and mystery. Moreover, Swanberg is not writing a literary essay. He is exposing a man. And yet anyone who knows Dreiser's books will wish that his biographer had speculated at least a little on the qualities in Dreiser's makeup that would help to explain the curious distinction of his best fiction. Brutal, tactless, and ungrateful as he often was, he had moments when his private terrors were temporarily allayed and he could enter into the problems of others with immense kindliness and feeling. Swanberg records such moments without saying anything about their literary implications.

But they are there for anyone who cares to see them, and after the biographer has finished with his dissection and laid out the corpse, the reader will marvel how Swanberg's lecherous, immature, naïve oaf could be so transfigured by his literary inventions. Here, if you will, is another

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illustration of Melville's paradox, "that of all things of ill savor, Cologne-water, in its rudimental manufacturing stages, is the worst." Not that Dreiser's novels are redolent of myrrh, but begging the question of whether he was or was not a great American novelist, surely he was a remarkable literary force who performed a service for American writers that his genteel, self-conscious predecessors and early contemporaries could never have accomplished even if they had wanted to. *Sister Carrie* sold less than 500 copies in 1902. *Graustark* sold 300,000 then; *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* 170,000. But it was Dreiser's distinction that he was the first major writer to explore the sprawling, squalid, subliterate American world, not deliberately (as Crane and Norris did) but because he was a part of it, terrorized by it, and ultimately blessed by its rebuffs. If he was absurd in the role of a lowbrow Henry Adams, subjecting himself to "electrical treatments" from a San Francisco charlatan while interrogating R. A. Millikan and Dr. Simon Flexner in his quest for certainty, he was a true poet when he celebrated in *A Hoosier Holiday* "the upstanding middle-class American with his vivid suit, yellow shoes, flaring tie and conspicuous money roll" and when he wrote prosy odes "in praise of the final enfranchisement of the common soul."

Swanberg ends his book with Dreiser's interment in Forest Lawn, Glendale, "hard by the grave of Tom Mix," and makes his final pronouncement on

> . . . the liar who demanded truth in the world; the hater who called for love; the money-grubber who denounced capital; the glorifier of the proletariat who held the mass in contempt; the relentless promoter of sexual intrigues . . . ; the ego so vast that it exempted only himself from his own standards; the boy who never really reached maturity and yet who exuded at times a charm and sympathy, that is warmly remembered to this day.

By this time the reader has almost forgotten that the man expensively buried in "necrolatric splendor" was the author of *Sister Carrie.*

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Godot's Grandfather

HILTON KRAMER

SELECTED WORKS OF ALFRED JARRY. Edited by Roger Shattuck and Simon Watson Taylor. *Grove Press. $7.95.*

The evening of December 11, 1896, marks a date, as the French say, in the history of the Parisian avant-garde. It was on that celebrated occasion that Alfred Jarry's astonishing farce, *Ubu Roi,* was performed—if that is the word—on the stage of Lugné-Poë's adventurous Théâtre de l'Oeuvre for the first time. The uproar that followed upon the very first word of the play—"*Merdre!*"—was such that, before the evening was over, the house lights had to be turned up and the actors paused in their own antics to observe those of the audience. It was an event prophetic of the many similar routs staged by the Dadaists, Surrealists, and Absurdist playwrights in subsequent decades.

Jarry was then twenty-three years old, an intimate of the literary circle around the *Mercure de France* and part-time acolyte of the Symbolist movement. He was already well launched on that derangement of the senses that Rimbaud—in many respects his prototype—had pronounced necessary to the realization of the poetic vocation. Immensely gifted and precociously learned, Jarry was also distinctly perverse not only in the particular quality of his imagination but in outward appearance, behavior, and belief. Having created the monstrous but hilarious figure of Père Ubu, an irrational clown who represents a pure distillation of destructive appetite transcending all bounds of reason and conscience, Jarry undertook to change his life in order to conform to the grotesque posturing of his macabre hero. As Mr. Shattuck observed in *The Banquet Years* (still the most comprehensive account of Jarry in English), "Jarry offers one of the extreme cases in history of literary mimesis—of an author becoming one of his own characters."

When he died in 1907 at the age of thirty-four, Jarry left behind a large body of work—plays, novels, poems, opera libretti, essays, and some writings difficult to assign very strictly to one genre or another. He also bequeathed his personal legend as a vanguard eccentric. It is this legend, mingling feats of erotic outrage, alcoholic excess, and religious transcendence, together with the single play, *Ubu Roi,* and its attendant scandals, which has mainly been transmitted to this side of the Atlantic, where Jarry is honored as a patron saint of all that is most shocking and "far out" in the arts today.

THE VOLUME of *Selected Works* that Shattuck and Taylor have now produced is the first to acquaint us with a wider sampling of Jarry's writings. Some additional Ubu texts are included—among them, Cyril Connolly's translation of *Ubu Cockolded*—but the book is, for the most part, a survey of Jarry's efforts in other genres. There is a good selection of his theoretical essays on the theater, excerpts from two novels, *Days and Nights* and *Messalina,* a third novel in its entirety, *Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician,* and examples of both his poetry and what are called his "speculations," a typical instance of the latter being entitled "The Passion Considered as an Uphill Bicycle Race."

There is a good deal here that is amusing, particularly the poems, which bring together very effectively a kind of parody of the exalted diction then in use among the Symbolists and the irreverent bawdiness of earthy folk ballads. This is, in fact, Jarry's characteristic note: the mingling of mock-heroic or half-serious rhetoric with scandalous, preposterous, or studiously illogical subjects. If as a literary strategy the style now seems familiar, even at times a trifle stale, it is undoubtedly because Jarry's imitators, especially the Surrealists, have made it their stock in trade. Even so, where Jarry's writing is most concise (in the essays and poems), the style has lost none of its wit and cogency.

Still, the bulk of the book is emphatically disappointing. Jarry emerges from it more or less as one had know him in the past, as the inspired author of a single compelling work. Which is to say that Père Ubu is far more effective as a character than as an author. The severed chapters from *Days and Nights* and *Messalina* are tedious in the extreme. Issuing from the airless, decadent fiction of the nineties, their period aestheticism is only a reminder of the literary milieu that Jarry's more outrageous conception in *Ubu* was designed to subvert. Even *Doctor Faustroll,* a book around which a virtual cult has developed both here and in France, is only intermittently amusing. Not in any traditional sense a novel at all, but a catalogue of Jarry's pet fantasies and obsessions, it celebrates his "science" of pataphysics—an Absurdist metaphysics that turns the laws of probability into a cosmic farce. (Or as Père Ubu himself says, "Pataphysics is a branch of science which we have invented and for which a crying need is generally experienced.") Despite *Faustroll's* jokes and high spirits, its willful and contrived conceits grow tiresome long before the end of what is a fairly short book, and I must confess that the twenty pages of notes appended to the work by Mr. Taylor, the translator, read at times like a parody of the "novel" itself.

WHERE JARRY triumphed unmistakably was in the creation of Père Ubu as a conception for the stage: in that ironical and conscienceless stance toward the world summed up in Ubu's exchange with Conscience in *Ubu Cuckolded.*

UBU: . . . Mr. Conscience, are you so sure that he can't defend himself?

CONSCIENCE: Absolutely, Sir, so it would be a coward's trick to do away with him.

UBU: Thank you, sir, we shan't require you further. . . .

Jarry's dramatizations of the fearful and riotous exploits of Ubu produced one of the genuine tremors of the modern theatre—one that still reverberates on our stage.

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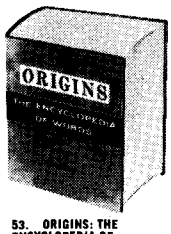

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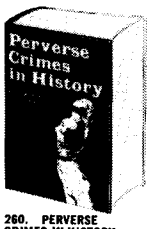

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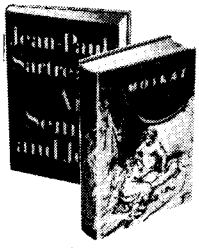

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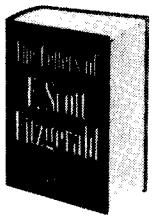

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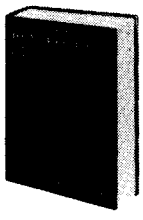

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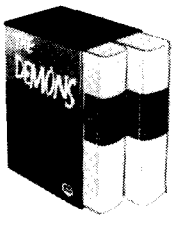

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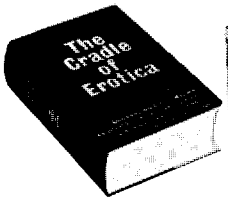

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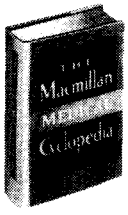

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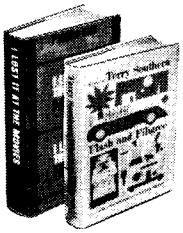

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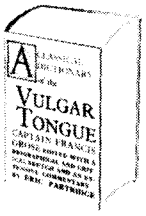

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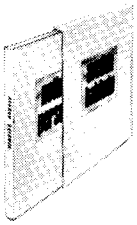

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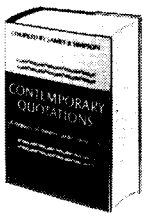

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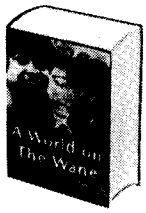

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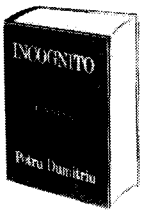

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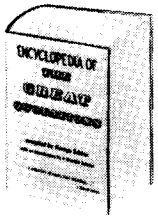

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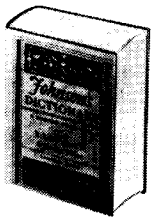

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